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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S CALL for a new naval disarmament conference is welcome. The League's commission, seeking to solve air-, land-, and sea-armament problems all at once, has been almost hopelessly entangled in a maze of details; as Commander Kenworthy shows elsewhere in this issue, the Washington Conference pointed the way but left cruisers and submarines almost untouched. Mr. Coolidge's passion for economy has in this case led him in a direction which we heartily approve. We hope that he and his advisers will be ready, when the conference opens, with as concrete proposals as those with which Mr. Hughes startled the 1921 conference. England will of course accept his invitation; Japan announces her readiness to confer, although the rumors of an unwillingness to accept for cruisers the 5:5:3 ratio are ominous. France, with her submarine program, is likely to be most recalcitrant. But surely even France, with debts unpaid and thousands unemployed, cannot afford to flout the rising tide of peace sentiment at home and in the world.

THE TRADITIONAL IDEA that warfare in Central America is musical comedy with more face powder than gunpowder is not borne out by the dispatches from Nicaragua. An Associated Press correspondent who visited Chinandega, captured first by the Sacasa forces and then retaken by the troops under Diaz, describes the city as a "horrible picture." Twelve blocks of houses had been battered and burned. Women and children and other civilians were among the victims of the machine-guns and bombs. "Dozens of dead were piled here and there, while buzzards hovered overhead." More than four hundred soldiers were known to have been killed and as many wounded had been removed, but "the death toll of the battle probably never will be exactly known." The city was virtually without food, water, or medicine. All this slaughter—in which American aviators in the Conservative army dropped bombs on soldiers and civilians without discrimination—is the direct result of our intervention to set up Diaz as President. Even with all the impediments we have thrown in the way of the Sacasa forces, they have put up an aggressive fight; it is obvious that without our assistance the Diaz Government would have collapsed long since. At this writing even Diaz seems to question his power to hold out.

> The rebels early occupied the arsenal and telegraph offices. . . . Many civilians fired from house tops and street corners and made the passage of pedestrians dangerous. In fact, it became impossible for any one to leave the houses in the fighting area. . . . The men of the southern railways . . . struck in sympathy with the rebels, hoping to hinder the movement of loyal troops. . . . The American Legation . . . has been struck repeatedly by gunfire . . . and had to be abandoned. . . . Estimates [of casualties] vary largely, but the aggregate is likely to be more than 1,000 killed or wounded. . . .

THIS, BOYS AND GIRLS, is the tale of the wicked Rebels and their Horrid Revolution. It is taken from the New York *Times* and so we know it is true. Can any little boy tell me what the United States will do in this Emergency wherein the Lives and the Property of American Citizens are at Stake? No, Cuthbert, I warned you that it was a catch question. No, the United States will not send marines to Protect the Lives and Property of American Citizens, Restore Order, and Establish a Stable Government, because this revolution happens to have taken place in Portugal, and Portugal, even though it has had twenty-one revolutions in the last seventeen years, is not in Central America, Mexico, or the neighboring islands. Europe has its own watch-dogs and would not like interference from this side of the ocean. We'll leave that job to England, Cuthbert; British investments in Portugal are heavier than ours.

THIS PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION, if the New York *Herald Tribune* is correctly informed, followed the conventional pattern of Central American uprisings; behind the enraged populace were interested foreign banking groups. Let the *Tribune* tell its own story:

> The uprising is believed to have been staged at this moment as a sequel to the success of the war-debt commission sent to London by the Carmona Government, which obtained from England a settlement by which Portugal's debt was cut down from $125,000,000 to about $25,000,000. The settlement was followed by negotiations for a loan to be floated in London.
>
> Linked up with these there were also negotiations for a concession to an English syndicate as security for a loan of a tobacco monopoly. This for the last forty years has

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been in the hands of a Paris financial group as security for a $50,000,000 loan, but the French concession expired in April of last year. . . .

The French tobacco monopoly is exceedingly unpopular in Portugal, due to the belief that it made immense profits for Paris concessionnaires, but little for Portugal itself. The leaders of the uprising were thus able to mobilize public support with the charge that Carmona was seeking to restore the hated French monopoly instead of coming to terms with Great Britain, whose traditional popularity as Portugal's oldest ally is increased by a favorable debt settlement. The threads of the latest and bloodiest Portuguese upheaval thus lead back to bankers' parlors in Paris and London.

BLACK SHIRTS FOR SCHOOLCHILDREN is the latest Fascist decree. This may have some merits on the ground of economy but will be awkward for those children whose fathers are in prison or who have been the victims of Fascist strong-arm methods and castor-oil persuasion. Parents who object to the ruling are politely reminded of the alternative—they may remove their children from school, and themselves, no doubt, from the face of the earth. The tax on bachelors is another recent regulation. A head tax is imposed on all unmarried male citizens except priests, officers in the army, and war cripples; in addition all men who pay income taxes are subject to a further tax in proportion to the size of their income. Fathers whose sons are dependent on them will be required to pay a tax for each son over twenty-five years of age. Are not these the kind of laws which wreck dictatorships? Regulations, no matter how stringent they may be, which deal with abstract matters—politics, the state, the vote, even local government—are not felt so deeply as is petty control of the individual. This is government in the role of schoolmarm—always an unpopular part. Mussolini so far has contented himself with grand gestures and his success with them has been astounding. It would be ironical but not without precedent if his fall, when it comes, should be brought about because of one of the most insignificant and least onerous of his attempts to make a completely integrated state.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BOULDER DAM? This project for a 700-foot dam, twice as high as any other in the United States, which would generate a million horse-power of energy, provide water for the arid city of Los Angeles, hold in reservoir enough water to cover New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey a foot deep, and save the Imperial Valley from its periodic devastating floods—all at such a profit that in fifty years the immense project would more than pay for itself—is held up in Congress again. Why? There are local reasons in the disputes of the seven States concerned; but the primary reason is the greed of water-power interests. They do not want Uncle Sam to operate an efficient power plant; they want to continue to argue that private interests are entitled to all the profits to be made out of the flow of American rivers. It is difficult to understand the reasoning of Big Business except as sordid hypocrisy; when private interests were unable to make a profit out of the Cape Cod Canal the whole army of business lobbyists demanded that Congress agree to buy out the poor, dear bankers; but when it comes to the profitable task of harnessing the Colorado River they denounce public ownership as a crime.

THE DECOMPOSITION of England's Liberal Par continues. Wedgwood Benn, one of its ablest and mo independent parliamentary leaders, has followed Command Kenworthy into the Labor Party. Meanwhile the squabb among the survivors continues. A distinguished remna of Asquithian leaders remains in splendid isolation fro the hurly-burly of the day; David Lloyd George has t bulk of the party funds (largely the product of his auctio ing of honors), the allegiance of the mass of the dwindli party membership, and an uncanny capacity for sensing t public mood and expressing it. His human understandi of the general strike won for him a sympathy which t Victorian aloofness of the Asquithians could never muste and their attempt to read the fiery Welshman out of t party has resulted instead in their own isolation. We Lloyd George not smeared with his own war-time record h too, might find a new opportunity for leadership in t more and more diluted Labor Party, and he could give it a adroitness in parliamentary debate which it sometimes lack As it is, the human decency which was the genius of Britis Liberalism in its prime now finds its natural outlet throug the moderate Labor Party.

RESERVATIONS TO OUR RESERVATIONS hav ended the immediate possibility of American ad herence to the World Court. We wouldn't join unless give a special position; and Europe wouldn't have us except o equal terms. A vast and well-meaning propaganda thu comes to naught. To us it had seemed prenatally doome to sterility. This World Court at the Hague did not alar us as it did some isolationists; but it seemed a pitiful idea for a great peace movement. There was no suggestion o a binding pledge to outlaw war, to accept arbitration of a disputes—only a demand that we share in one alternativ form of arbitrating some disputes. Will the women's club and peace societies continue to fight for this particula brand of peace-machinery? Or will they come at last t a great demand to arbitrate all disputes of whateve nature, never to engage in war—beginning with whole hearted condemnation of our aggressive policy towar Mexico, Nicaragua, and China?

THE BOGY-MAN is working overtime these days. Sec retary Wilbur finds him in the Third International "this new form of attack which seeks to destroy the founda tions of this government, namely, the home and the sense o religious obligations. It would destroy home and govern ment and God." This sounds serious enough, to be sure and anybody would be justified in diving into bed an pulling the blankets over his head for protection. In Toled the goblin at present is Sherwood Eddy, who, it is said, goe about the country corrupting our young men by inducing them to sign pledges to become conscientious objectors t military service. The American Legion in that city made such an effective protest against a speech that Mr. Eddy was to have delivered to high-school students that the Boar of Education first forbade the speech and then decided i might be given if no religious, political, or controversia subject was discussed. In Los Angeles the army and police are afraid of *The Nation!* Karl Spies Robinson was arrested fo selling copies of this magazine next to a recruiting booth, i the logical but evidently mistaken notion that propaganda for peace might be offered at the same time as propaganda for war. Mr. Robinson was actually sentenced to thirty

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days in jail for "obstructing traffic" and given a suspended sentence of ninety days for "advertising in the streets," although the recruiting booth was well-advertised by machine-guns, hand-grenades, and rifles with fixed bayonets.

AND THE ARCH-PLOTTER, the super-menace, the biggest and blackest bogy of all is none other than Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver! For more than two years Judge Lindsey has been defending his election to the bench of the Denver Juvenile and Family Court, where he has been since 1901. His enemy is the Ku Klux Klan; his opponent, the Klan candidate, committed suicide in 1925, but his widow has been continuing to contest the election, and by a ruling of the Colorado Supreme Court on January 24 Judge Lindsey was technically ousted from office, although he will serve pending an appeal of the case. In more than a quarter of a century of the most confidential relations with persons in domestic difficulties of one sort or another, Judge Lindsey has learned much which is not generally admitted by officials of the church or the government. As a result of his long and peculiar experience, he believes that something is wrong with domestic relations, and with marriage in particular. He knows that many marriages are not successful; he knows that many parents are not fitted to take care of their children; he knows that extra-marital relations occur among ordinary people as well as among the wicked, degenerate, and lost; he knows that for want of information about birth control thousands of abortions are performed every year. These are matters which are not spoken of in public. Judge Lindsey has dared to speak of them and to discuss as possible remedies for them availability of contraceptive information, easy divorce for childless couples, and a sort of trial marriage dissolvable after a year by mutual consent; and this has brought upon his head a storm of reproach and vituperation—led by the super-moral Ku Klux Klan!

IT IS GOOD NEWS FOR NEW YORK that the Scripps-Howard organization has bought the New York *Telegram*. Despite the announcement of the purchasers that they contemplate "no radical changes" the vigor and enterprise which they have thrown into their twenty-five other newspapers mean that they cannot help change the characterlessness of the old *Telegram*. *The Nation* has often regarded newspaper consolidations with a jaundiced eye; generally they have stunted editorial personality, deadened individuality, reduced newspapers to expressions of Babbittism. The Scripps-Howard papers have dared to lead; when Carl C. Magee's brave independence got him into difficulty with his New Mexico *State Tribune* the Scripps organization went to his aid; its Cleveland *Press* supported La Follette in 1924 and helped carry that city for the Progressive leader; its Washington *Daily News* puts a little color into the journalistic desert of the capital. In New York, as in Denver, it has boldly cast the Associated Press franchise overboard, refusing to agree to its monopolistic news policy; it is satisfied that the United Press and United News are now adequate to supply any metropolitan newspaper.

STEAMSHIP PASSENGERS have so much done for them nowadays that they are inclined to take it all for granted when it is forthcoming and to act like spoiled children when it isn't, blaming the chief steward if the sun doesn't shine and complaining of the captain if the soup is cold. So it is pleasant to learn that the passengers on the President Harding behaved otherwise when that vessel was the victim of an unusual accident in mid-Atlantic on its recent trip from Europe to New York. Buffeted by a tremendous storm, the hull of the President Harding was so wrenched that sea-water seeped into some of the oil carried for fuel, making it unusable. The vessel thus found herself in the dangerous position of having to drive through a sea of terrific ferocity with a shortage of fuel. Both heat and light were cut off to conserve every ounce of oil for making steam for the propellors, and the wooden hatch-coverings were chopped up to make fires for simple cooking. The passengers cooperated finely, and when they were met at Halifax by an agent of the United States Line, who offered to send them on to New York by special train, they declined and stuck by the ship.

READERS OF BOOKS in the United States are at once more numerous and more interesting, we believe, than any publisher has yet had opportunity to realize. Recent sales of superior novels and of serious works in history, philosophy, and science have often been commented on because of their seemingly inexplicable size. New machinery is being set up with the design of distributing to this large book-hungry public as much literature as it can hold. The Literary Guild of America, which announces that it will publish or otherwise distribute twelve new books yearly to as many persons as will subscribe to the undertaking, is doubtless only the first of several such organizations destined to be formed; similar guilds in Germany have enormous memberships. The Book-of-the-Month Club, whose members have been reading volumes selected for them from the current output, differs from the guild chiefly in that while it does not cut prices its books are returnable; ingenuity will discover still other schemes. The significant thing is the size of the public approachable on this basis and its willingness to accept twelve books a year selected for it as the contents of twelve issues of a monthly magazine are selected. The booksellers of the country are said to be worried over the new enterprises, particularly over the low prices which the Literary Guild thinks its mass sales will justify. In the long run we believe that the buying of books will be stimulated, and the interest in them deepened and increased.

FOR FRIENDS OF PERCY STICKNEY GRANT the real tragedy came less with his recent death than with the fate which sent him, broken in health, into quiet retirement more than two years ago. Dr. Grant's colorful controversies, first with Bishop Burch and then with Bishop Manning, on questions of economic, social, and theological orthodoxy, gave him in many quarters a reputation for a far more definite radicalism than he actually held. His deepest belief was a faith in freedom, and his finest characteristic a courageous honesty. In this spirit he established the forum—one of the first to meet under church auspices—which was killed by the restrictions placed upon it by the bishop of the diocese of New York. He supported the Great War with the frank declaration that to do it he had to declare a moratorium on his Christianity; but he was the first clergyman of any established communion in New York City to open his church for a public meeting in behalf of conscientious objectors, and was himself among the most vigorous of the speakers.

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# China—Vaccinated

CHINA today is riven by a host of civil wars; the cables report the tramp of hostile armies in Honan, Chekiang, and Szechuan. Canton denounces Peking as the tool of foreign imperialism, and Chang Tso-lin from the North declares a holy war against the "Bolshevist" South. But Chu Chao-hsin, the Chinese representative at Geneva, announces that he and his colleagues in the other European capitals have arranged to represent both factions, and begins by preparing to continue his campaign of protest—now made in behalf of both China's governments—against the British troops being sent to Shanghai.

In attitude toward the foreigners China is one. North and South, East and West, no Chinese official today would dare compromise on the abolition of the unequal treaties. Whatever may happen to the Southern armies, their soul goes marching on. Nationalism has won on every front; to gain, or even to hold, adherents Canton's opponents have been obliged to assert their devotion to the Canton program of reestablishing China's sovereignty. When the Cantonese drove the British out of their concessions in Hankow and Kiukiang, the Peking Government countered by formally demanding return of the Tientsin concessions which are within its territory—and began, in true Western style, by ousting the weakest of the foreign Powers, Belgium. While the Cantonese are struggling to win Shanghai, the Chinese within the city are demanding that the British give immediate effect to Austen Chamberlain's declared readiness to revise the terms on which the settlements are held. A committee headed by C. T. Wang, former Foreign Minister, a Yale graduate; David Yui, executive of the Y. M. C. A., a Harvard graduate; and a group of bankers and business men—these, representing the Chinese Ratepayers' Association which pays 80 per cent of the International Settlement's taxes, are demanding that the Chinese be given equal representation with the British on the Shanghai Municipal Council at once as a first step, with more to come. Christian and non-Christian, banker and coolie, foreign graduate and native-trained Chinese stand shoulder to shoulder, all demanding that the foreigner give up, at once, all his special privileges.

If there be any differences it is the foreign-trained men who clamor most against the foreigner. Eugene Chen, the Canton Foreign Minister who has been most bitter against the aliens, is himself of alien birth and training. He is a native of Trinidad and was educated in England; it was the British who taught him his present race consciousness. His predecessors in that office were also foreign trained—Fu Ping-sheung, graduate of the British University of Hongkong, and C. C. Wu, who went from the public high school at Atlantic City, New Jersey, to the University of London. The Peking Minister of Foreign Affairs, who forced Belgium to negotiate new equal treaties, Wellington Koo, is a graduate of our own Columbia University; his predecessors hold their academic degrees from Virginia and Yale. Chu Chao-hsin, who uses the League of Nations as a sounding-board to broadcast his attacks on British policy, holds degrees from New York and Columbia, and most of his colleagues are foreign trained.

This is no accident. The Nationalist movement is strongest where foreign influence has been most intense. Canton is its natural center because it has been the center of intercourse with foreigners for more than a century. From Canton millions of Chinese have emigrated to the Straits Settlements, to the Dutch East Indies, to the West Indies, to the Philippines, to California, and they have returned fired with a political nationalism learned from the West. Sun Yat-sen's long years of revolutionary activity were financed, largely, by emigrant Chinese. Chinese who had made their fortunes under the British flag in Singapore and Rangoon were happy to send substantial contributions—probably more than a million dollars—to maintain the long Canton boycott of Hongkong and Great Britain. Always it is the students, trained by Western methods, and the factory workers, also thrust rudely in contact with Western "civilization," who have been the vanguard of China's Nationalist uprisings.

Chinese Nationalism today is not the blind anti-alienism of Boxer days, strongest in the remote interior. Those who charge the missionaries with responsibility for it have a measure of justice on their side; those who blame the penetration of foreign business are equally right; those who say the tens of thousands of returned students have brought back the revolutionary spark are also justified. Western influence in China has acted like a vaccination; it has first made the patient ill, while at the same time inoculating him with the germs of resistance to the disease. The more troops the British ship to China, the more bitter will be the resistance to the foreigners. They can hold Shanghai today; but what good will Shanghai do them if a nation of 400,000,000 people is roused against them, filled with hate, determined to boycott their products?

This is no time to demand the calm and leisurely processes of negotiation. There were no leisurely processes when the British took Hongkong, enlarged their territory after burning the Summer Palace in 1861, added Weihaiwei and the New Territory in Kowloon in 1898. The Powers have promised much and done nothing. Today the Chinese are acting.

Much hinges on the British course at Shanghai. It is often said that the British in China always act with an eye upon India; it is true. To the British the concessions already made seem great. A year ago they might have seemed great even to the Chinese. But there is such a thing as the psychological moment. The British let that moment slide; today the Chinese regard their successive retreats as evidences of weakness, and they are such. The American "return" of the Boxer indemnity in 1908 was a step in time; it gave America a perhaps unmerited prestige; similar British action in 1925 came too late to have any psychological effect. Compromises and concessions made after mobs and militarists have already seized the points conceded cannot appease the Nationalist fire. Bonny troops—Scotch, British, Irish, and Indian—parading through the streets of Chinese cities may awe for the moment, but they will only deepen the determined hostility in every Chinese who sees them or hears of them. Unless the Powers are ready to act without delay, to make sweeping concessions before the Chinese force them, the effect will indeed be felt, not in China and India alone, but in all the Eastern colonies of all the white empires.

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# The War on the Theater

THE War on the Theater has been developing with great rapidity. Governor Smith has given evidence nce more of the genuineness of his liberalism by reiterating his opposition to the establishment of a censorship, but few days later, on the evening of February 9, the New ork police department raided three current plays—"The aptive," "Sex," and "The Virgin Man." Producers, actors, nd managers, forty-one persons in all, were arrested after he conclusion of the evening's performances, conveyed to he station house, and later all released on bail. The police nnounced their intention of making rearrests as often as he plays should be reopened, but the next day all three anagers secured temporary injunctions restraining them rom further interference and performances have been reumed. The cast of "The Virgin Man" is to be held for rial, and there, for the moment, the matter rests.

The three plays proceeded against are not all in the ame category. Two are frankly sensational, but "The aptive" is, despite its theme, a quiet and decorous piece which has been highly praised by most of the New York ramatic critics. All have been running without previous olestation for periods which range from three weeks in he case of "The Virgin Man" to ten months in the case f "Sex" and both the latter and "The Captive" had been pproved by the Citizens Play Jury, by whose decisions istrict Attorney Banton had previously pledged himself to bide. The raids were the occasion of the usual absurdities. The Virgin Man" had been expected to close as a failure t the end of the week, but now will doubtless have its life onsiderably prolonged, and the prosperity of the two thers will be still further increased if the injunction ecured by the managers is made permanent. According o a newspaper account, Lieutenant Mulligan, who arrested he manager of "The Virgin Man," greeted his victim with he words "Young man, your fortune is made."

*The Nation* does not pretend to believe that police raids vill have any permanent effect upon conditions which are nerely a part of the general traditions of present-day ociety. It approves of a sincere frankness in life and etters, and it believes that in so far as mere sensational bscenity may be popular in public entertainment such opularity is the symptom of the existence of attitudes nd appetites which will not be greatly improved by the losing of a few plays. Yet it does believe that the activties of the police department are preferable to those of ny official censor, because though the unexpected and erratic haracter of the raids causes them sometimes to work hardhips upon individuals, their general tendency is less dangerous than the secret autocracy of a censor. They are y nature sporadic, they are generally the outcome of some emporary agitation which soon subsides again, and they lo not, like the establishment of a censorship, involve the ntroduction of a new principle foreign to our theory of overnment and likely to develop dangerously in new direcions. The very fact that they do not depend upon the ddition of new laws to the already overburdened statutebooks is in itself an important consideration in their favor, nd the fact that they generally result in a trial by jury s another. Doubtless a censor is quiet and more "efficient"; nd so also a star chamber is more quiet and "efficient" han a court organized upon the English or American model, but the trial by jury provides guaranties against bureaucratic autocracy which are not to be sacrificed for any other consideration.

It is legally possible for the arrested actors and managers to be sentenced in a police court for misdemeanor, but in the case of the "God of Vengeance" a jury trial was requested and granted and we hope that the same will be true in the present cases. If the stage is to be regulated by law, let such regulation have the full benefit of the protection against high-handed methods which our law provides and which the importance of the issues involved makes desirable. Are convictions difficult to obtain? Does trial by jury make it hard to decide a case according to the opinions, prejudices, or passions of some particular person or group of persons? Yes; but it was just for these reasons that trial by jury was established. The unanimous opinion of twelve men is necessary to convict another of a crime; why should any less unanimity be required to convict of an offense which is by its very nature indefinite and so dependent upon subjective factors that what seems beautiful to most people may seem obscene to others?

In addition, however, *The Nation* believes that the chief business of the law is less with manners and morals than with crime, and it is inclined to suspect that there is some relationship between the fact that America is at once the most lawless of civilized nations and the one in which the police are most commonly regarded as the guardians of public morality as well as of public safety. For the District Attorney's office to be so much concerned as it is with the state of the theater in a city where crimes of violence are of daily occurrence seems to reveal a certain inclination to strain at gnats while swallowing camels. It must be comforting for a thief, engaged in cracking a safe, to know that the police are busily employed in arresting actresses around the corner.

# Drastic Farm Relief

THE McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill is a genuine attempt to assist American agriculture. Whatever else may be said against it, it cannot fairly be described, like most of the other farm bills now or recently before Congress, as a mere political gesture intended to conciliate and hoodwink the agricultural vote. The measure has undergone important changes since it first arrived in Washington half a dozen years ago, but the purpose remains the same, although finally set forth in one of the blindest bills ever devised in that mole-hill of legislation known as the United States Capitol.

Provision is made for a Federal Farm Board consisting of the Secretary of Agriculture and twelve other members, the latter to be appointed by the President from the various federal land-bank districts from nominations made chiefly by farmer organizations. The important powers of the board are in connection with five products—wheat, corn, hogs, rice, and cotton—designated as "basic agricultural commodities." In the traffic in these products the board is empowered to overrule the usual laws of supply and demand. The McNary-Haugen bill doesn't describe it that way; the text calls it "orderly marketing." But that is only one of the many phrases in the bill which conceal as much as they tell.

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The heart of the bill is the "equalization fee." When the Federal Farm Board decides that there is so much of a surplus of any one of the five "basic agricultural commodities" as to make it probable that growers will not get a fair return, it may declare an emergency to exist and place an "equalization fee" upon each bushel, pound, or bale of the product that is sold. The "equalization fee" is collected directly from the railroad, miller, or wholesale buyer, but indirectly, of course, it is inevitable that it be passed on to the consumer. The board itself does not buy or sell any product. It works with cooperative farmers' marketing associations, and previous to putting into effect an "equalization fee" it must assure itself that a competent selling organization is in existence. The farmers' organization takes charge of the selling, the Federal Farm Board assisting it financially by loans from a $250,000,000 revolving fund authorized by the bill. Assisted by such loans—which are supposed to be covered by the "equalization fees" when they come in—the marketing association is in a position to obtain what it considers reasonable prices by holding the crop, or any part of it, off the market for such time as seems desirable, and by dumping any surplus abroad for what it will bring in order not to lower prices in the domestic market.

The bill does not compel a farmer to sell through a cooperative, but it offers him a decided incentive to do so, and no matter how the sale is made the "equalization fee" has to be paid. This removes a present difficulty from the operations of farmers' selling organizations. At present the members must bear the expense of operations intended to improve prices, but outsiders share equally in the benefits.

The supporters of the McNary-Haugen bill insist that it does not provide for price-fixing and avoid the use of the word subsidy in describing its contemplated results. Technically and legally they are probably correct. But the primary purpose of the McNary-Haugen measure is to raise prices, and its benefit to the farmer depends upon that result. Nor is there any reality in dodging the word subsidy. In so far as such a measure raises prices, it represents a subsidy from the consumer to the producer. From the standpoint of theoretical economics the measure is a bad one. But from the point of view of a farmer faced with a political situation there is a great deal to justify it. For many years farmers have not been getting a reasonable share of the national wealth; agriculture has been on the decline. The farmers are certainly as much entitled to assistance from the community at large through artificial prices as the manufacturers ever were, and far more so than the latter are today. The manufacturers still enjoy an enormous subsidy from the consumers through the operations of the protective tariff; and a Republican Administration which justifies a tariff is in no position to protest against the assistance to the farmers contemplated by the McNary-Haugen bill.

*The Nation* is opposed to the artificial regulation of commerce and opposed to class legislation. It is fundamentally opposed to the principles behind the McNary-Haugen measure; but if the protective tariff is to stay on the statute-books the farmer has an equal right to his subsidy. Whatever may be said of the ultimate merits of this bill, the fact remains that there is no other proposal before the people which gives the farmer any hope of a lift. This plan may be worth trying.

# Spinoza Today

BENEDICT, born Baruch, Spinoza has been dead two hundred and fifty years. For a philosopher, he retains a singular place in the affections of mankind. His philosophy, reviled during his lifetime, has become an honored possession even among those remotely connected with it and, among those familiar with its liberating doctrine, a positive passion. His name is almost synonymous with philosophical detachment and spiritual serenity. His fundamental doctrine of the unity of all things and the necessity of everything in nature is accompanied in his thought by a patient insistence on taking the vicissitudes of time under the emancipating perspective of eternity.

Though he was excommunicated by his own Jewish community, and suspected by the Protestants, a few philosophers and scientists—Henry Oldenburg of the Royal Society, Leibnitz, the Elector Palatine—sought Spinoza's advice and services. He had an admiring group of disciples in Amsterdam. His plea for religious liberty and political freedom was widely read, but his essential philosophy was so simple in its essence, so difficult in its expression, that it long remained obscure. Its apparent pantheism appealed to the romantic spirits of Novalis and Goethe in Germany and Shelley in England. Increasingly, the freedom and passion of the geometrically stated philosophy have fascinated minds seeking emancipation through reason.

It is possible, said Spinoza, to see all objects and all events in terms of their essential unity in the universe of infinite substance, their essential necessity in the relations of universal law. Body and mind, instead of creating for him the puzzles of the epistemologists, became two parallel attributes of one nature or God. Happiness consists in peace; and peace is attainable through complete knowledge—not knowledge of all details of the universe but awareness of its essential structure and necessity. To become completely aware of the universe, that sea of infinite knowledge in which the waves of life and passion by necessity move, is to become serene, to escape from the passion of the particular to the peace of the eternal.

Spinoza stands also for two ideas peculiarly relevant to the modern liberal temper. His doctrine of political and religious freedom makes his famous tract on thought part of the great tradition which includes Milton and John Stuart Mill. His psychological doctrine makes life almost identical with the impulse to persevere in one's own being. What the psychoanalysts call "libido" Spinoza calls "desire," and it is the core of his ethical doctrine that all beings behave as they do out of the necessities of their own nature. He does not counsel the quenching of passion, but suggests that one passion may be replaced by another. He counsels reason in behavior because through reason one may see oneself in the contacts of that infinite nature of which one's own is the limited and partial expression. To become completely aware, completely reasonable, is to become at once clear and definite and tolerant. It is to recognize the necessities of nature, to escape from the bondage of passion by which people act falsely to their own natures and achieve the freedom of reason by which they act according to their readings of eternal necessity. Spinoza is a hard philosopher to read and a hard one to live by, but according to his own statement the best things are as difficult as they are rare.

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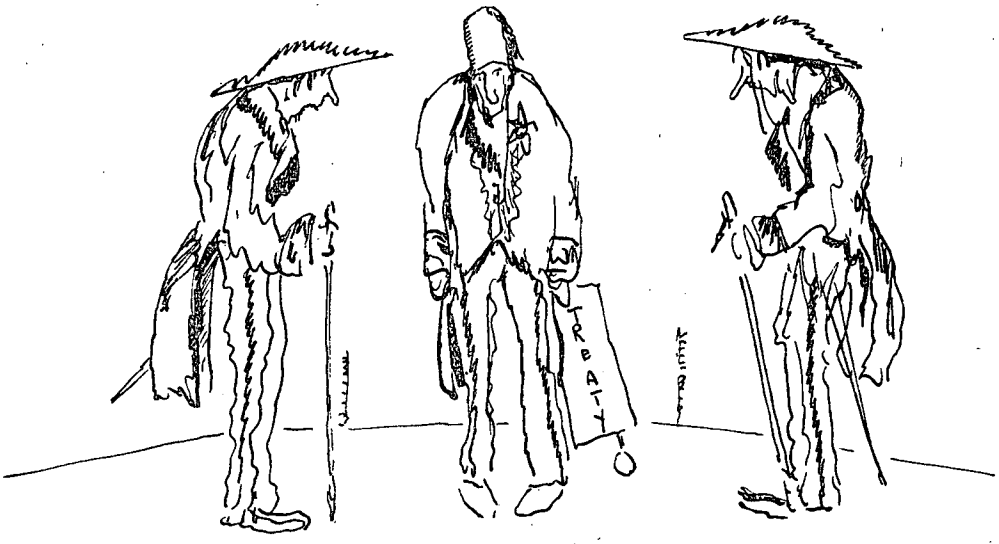
1913. "Remember, Your Excellencies, these negotiations must be kept a profound secret . . . "

Then we fought a terrible war to bestow upon a much-harassed world the blessings of "open agreements openly arrived at."




And then, in 1926, "Remember, Your Excellencies, these negotiations must be kept a profound secret . . . " And so on *ad infinitum*.

Herblock in Ipso. Geneva 1926

## Diplomacy—Before and After

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# Puye

By MARY AUSTIN

[Awarded Second Prize in *The Nation's* Poetry Contest for 1927]

Here, say our fathers' fathers,
Out of the Womb-world, out of Sipapu, climbing
By the roots of the royal pine,
Came the First People

Mother naked, sandal shod,
Hollowing their homes in the cliff side,
Fencing them with junipers.
In those days they were instructed of the juniper,
Whose boughs springing back taught them the bow play
While the reeds by the waterholes sang to them of arrows,
For whose feathering they gathered
Eagle plumes on Puye.

In those days the rains were plentiful,
The deer also, with their spotted fawns
Feeding on yellow flowers;
And the tall bucks cropping the young growth
At the ends of the blue spruce branches.
Here then, as now, was silence,
And the wide outlook whence the rains came,
With their wing feathers edged with dark cloud,
With the far-flung lightnings over their heads
And green, flowery footprints.
Where are they now, those Ancients?

Where are the wapiti, the round horned elk
They watched moving in the deep arroyas,
Like a bare wood, walking?

II

After these came the Small-House People,
Say the old men.
Very wise this People, People of the Seed,
Having received it from the Six Corn Maidens.
They laid up walls four-square, roofing them with aspens,
Kivas they built, underground, remembering the Womb-world,
Dark Sipapu and the Black Lake of Tears.

Not ours, but kin to us, the Small-House People,
Giving honor to Awányu, the great plumed serpent,
Guardian of the water springs, to whom the rains are friendly.
For them corn sprouted in the open spaces,
The fragrant bean plant and the gaudy squashes.
Wise were they of guile; came the deer to their singing,
While their women made them pots of painted borders,
And bore many children.

III

Here came our fathers,
Say the song priests,
Came the Tewas, came the Queres,
Moving south and ever south, so the clans may prosper,
Say the old men.

Not as the Small-House People came our fathers,
Every man to his own roof and the field between them,
But as a mother-hive, bound by the hearth keeper;
Wall touching wall and all the smokes commingling.
Still at Tyuoñi, cut above the door holes,
Are the clan signs of the Queres.
But our fathers built at Puye.

Happy were our fathers, greatly did they prosper,
Dancing to the *tombes* and the deer hoof rattles
Till they brought the rains over Jemez,
The he-rain and the she-rain on Chirígi;
Till they heard the runnels gurgling
Round the roots of the great corn plant
And the lovely melon flowers.

Friendly, very friendly were the Small-House People;
Learning Tewa wisdom, they drew their homes together
Round the rock of Puye ranged the Tewa hearth holes;
So the towns were builded.
Very many towns; and we talked across the housetops
By the smoke signs and the *tombes*
Návawi and Shufiné, Óttowi and Tsánkawi,
Calling them to Puye.

Noble was our Pueblo, north house and south house,
Far across Chirígi stretched our *temporales*,
Round the tasseled corn blue butterflies were dancing,
As our fathers danced for rain and gave praises to Awányu
Long was that time, very long,
Say the old ones,
Hip deep the trails between Óttowi and Tsánkawi,
Deep the trails on Puye.

Where are they now, those light stepping moccasins
Bit the rock walled trails between the happy Pueblos?
Where are the pronghorns that like shadow clouds in summer
Skimmed across Chirígi?

Faithless were our fathers,
Say the snake priests,
Pride was in their hearts and their thoughts left the straight road,
Pride of field and housetop, terraced ever skyward;
And no praises for Awányu.
Left they the dance and the secret Kiva vigils,
Sang they of love, and of war and wounding,
Black were their prayer sticks, raven plume and owl feather
Black prayers for Puye.

In those days Awányu,
Say the old, old men,
Left the Tewa land where no longer sacred meal roads
Traced the spirit path to the four world quarters,
And men's hearts had left the straight road;

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Left off honoring Awányu.
High across the heavens in disdain he flung him,
In the middle heaven white his ghost goes writhing
All across the midnight
Over Puye.

Then the rains walked not, and the water springs failed
And the hot winds danced on Chirígi.
. . . See that mound there that the herd grass scarcely covers
And the lean cactus cannot bloom upon?
That was once the Town of Yellow Flowers . . .
Even so with Puye.

Deeply lessoned, then our fathers
Built their towns anew by the rivers, built acequias
For the watering of the corn and the squashes;
Vainly beat the *tombes*,
Calling on the rain by the magic of their singing,
Calling on Awányu, who from heaven where he flung him
Seldom hears them.
Shrunken are our fields, shrunk the Tewa people,
And our hearts are withered.
While again the lizard darts
And the raven blackly stalks
And the Whiteman comes to stare
On Puye.

# The International Naval Race

By J. M. KENWORTHY

THE only practical step toward a reduction of armaments since the end of the World War was taken at Washington in 1921 at the initiative of an American President. The situation is curious.

During the war President Wilson made his famous declaration to the effect that the American navy must be second to none in the world. Even if this declaration had not been made, a great shipbuilding program would surely have been embarked upon by the United States as soon as that country intervened in the World War; and during the whole war period shipbuilding for the British navy was pushed to the utmost.

The war ended satisfactorily for the British in this at least: Germany was put out of action as a naval Power. The peace treaties prohibited the reconstruction of the German navy, sunk by its own crews at Scapa Flow, and forbade for all time the construction by Germany of submarines.

Satisfactory as was this elimination of Germany as a naval Power, the early months of the peace saw a new rival armada in course of construction. In spite of war additions to the British fleet, and the comparatively small loss suffered in capital ships, the naval building program of America was so formidable as to threaten Great Britain's sea supremacy. To the British Admiralty the American challenge seemed serious. The war had weakened Britain financially; and we found ourselves faced on the one hand with a supposed threat by Japan to our Australasian Dominions and on the other with this vast battleship fleet in course of construction on the other side of the Atlantic. Fortunately the British people refused to see in the American shipbuilding program any threat to British security. Wiser than their rulers, they laughed at the Admiralty's propaganda. Nevertheless by making use of the momentum of its own war preparations and the laxity of parliamentary control during the war and just after, the Admiralty was able to push on with a program of battleship construction nearly as large as that of the United States. Japan also began to speed up naval construction. By 1920, in spite of public opinion in Britain and America, a new shipbuilding competition between England, America, and Japan was in progress.

Nor was France behindhand. The weakness of the French financial position had not yet been fully exposed. During the war the French Admiralty had ceased all construction work on large warships in order that the engineering resources of the country might be entirely at the disposal of the French army. Because of this the French admirals were able to make out a strong case after the armistice for a large building program for the French navy.

The super-dreadnoughts designed for the principal navies of the world were of great size, costing $35,000,000 each. These new giants were to mount guns of sixteen-, seventeen-, and even eighteen-inch caliber and to be so powerful as to outclass all their predecessors.

This, then, was the situation when President Harding called the Five Power Conference at Washington in 1921. Only five nations were concerned—the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France, and Italy. Compared with the results of other conferences on armaments, the Washington Agreement was of immense value. The construction of capital ships, i. e., battleships and battle cruisers, was to cease until 1932. It was agreed that in 1932 a new conference should be held with the object of limiting the construction of warships for a further period. The number of aircraft carriers, vessels larger than battleships and actually more costly, was limited by agreement. The ratio of battleships, battle cruisers, and aircraft carriers was fixed for the United States, Japan, and Britain at 5-3-5. Japan accepted a position of inferiority to Britain and America, while Britain accepted American equality.

The taxpaying publics of all the Powers concerned heaved a sigh of relief. The honest diplomatists of all the Powers concerned felt that a great triumph had been achieved. Lovers of peace, then in a great majority in all countries, were satisfied. On paper it seemed as though the conventions agreed to at Washington had made naval rivalry between the three chief Powers impossible for a period of ten years, and it was believed that if these agreements were kept there would be no difficulty in continuing the naval shipbuilding "holiday" for a further period.

Unfortunately there were defects in the Washington Treaty which are only now being fully realized. In the first place, the naval staffs of the Powers were unanimously opposed to the Washington Conference from its inception; and none of the high naval functionaries favored any limitation of armaments by agreement. For the older admirals it was tragic to contemplate the actual scrapping of surplus warships, some of them just off the stocks. Added to this

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was the quite honest fear that the agreements would not be kept. (A similar sentiment has prevented America from ratifying the convention against the use of poison gas in warfare.) The attitude of the naval staffs concerned was human and honest. But behind them were powerful interests—the naval-shipbuilding firms, the armor-plate manufacturers, and a whole galaxy of industries which receive contracts every time a battleship is laid down.

On the main question of the building of capital ships the naval staffs and their allies in the armament interests were beaten, but no agreement was reached with regard to cruiser building. It is true that the large protected cruiser and the armored cruiser were limited, but those types had become obsolescent in all the world's navies. Agreement with regard to the so-called light cruisers was prevented principally by the opposition of Great Britain. The refusal of the French to support the British proposal that the submarine be declared illegal was used by the British admirals at Washington as an excuse for placing no limit on the number of light cruisers. The British delegates also argued that the sea-borne trade of Britain is so vital to her national existence and her trade routes are so scattered and lengthy that Britain could not accept equality with other Powers. The discussion on cruisers took place toward the end of a long-drawn-out conference when all the participants were weary; and this vital defect in the treaty—the absence of any limitation on the building of cruisers—was allowed to slip through.

We now see the results.

A limitation of 10,000 tons for each vessel was agreed to. This seemed little enough in comparison with 35,000 tons for a modern battleship or with 50,000 tons for a modern aircraft carrier. But it was actually bigger than any of the cruisers of this type then built or under construction for any of the navies of the world. The general staffs of the Powers concerned at once began work on designs of 10,000-ton vessels; before one keel had been laid down, this type of cruiser, now known as the Washington-type cruiser, became the fashion in the world's navies. The Japanese designs were the first to be published, though appropriations were held up by the Japanese Diet, principally owing to the financial effects of the earthquake. The French admirals then produced their designs and began to project programs.

By the time the British Admiralty was ready the first Labor Government in Britain was in power. Owing to influences which have never been clearly identified, Labor's first Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, was induced to appoint as the first Lord of the Admiralty one of the Conservative elder statesmen, Lord Chelmsford. The First Sea Lord and executive head of the navy was Admiral Lord Beatty, a man of great force of character and immense prestige. Hardly had the Labor Government taken over the seals of office than a raging, tearing propaganda opened in the press and the country, demanding a large shipbuilding program of the new type of cruisers.

Partly because the Conservative Party is by tradition in favor of a strong navy, and partly as a means of embarrassing the Government of the day, the Tory leaders supported the Admiralty's demands to the full. Taken by surprise, inexperienced, without an independent majority in Parliament, the Labor Party acquiesced, and five of these new ships were laid down.

Now, this new 10,000-ton type of cruiser costs as much as a battleship did before the war. The cruisers being built for the American and British navies cost about $15,000,000 each. By a triumph of the shipbuilders' art they are so swift and powerful as to outclass any vessels built before them. While the Washington Agreement "limited" the guns to a caliber of eight inches, this was actually larger than the guns mounted on many of the British cruisers.

This success of the British Admiralty was the signal for an agitation in favor of a similar program by the Navy Department at Washington and the Japanese Admiralty.

The British Admiralty's propaganda was renewed in 1925, after the Labor Party had given way to the present Conservative Government. But although the Conservatives had shouted loudly for a large shipbuilding program when in opposition, it was a different matter when they were in office and had to find the money. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was pledged to economy. His peace-and-economy section of the British Cabinet put up a valiant fight in the councils of the Government and were aided on the floor of the House by the weakened Liberal and Labor oppositions. The Admiralty won again, though they did not obtain all they asked. It was freely stated that the whole Board of Admiralty threatened to resign unless their demands were met.

The answering programs of the other Powers to the naval shipbuilding plans agreed to under the Labor Government were used as a reason for extracting further appropriations from the Conservative Government. By the autumn of 1925 a compromise was reached, under which during the next four years no less than sixteen cruisers of the latest type were to be constructed, in addition to submarines, torpedo destroyers, and one aircraft carrier—costing, in all, some $290,000,000.

There was in 1925 no justification whatever for such a program. Plain hints had been received from America that the United States Government was reluctant to embark on a new race in naval shipbuilding. More than one semi-official suggestion of a new conference had been made by the present President of the United States. At the time when the British Board of Admiralty forced this program upon the British people Great Britain had at its disposition forty-nine modern cruisers, Japan eighteen, Italy twelve, the United States nine, and France seven. Many of the forty-nine British cruisers are small, having been built for work in the North Sea, but none the less Great Britain's cruiser strength was very great.

The effect of England's program on America and Japan was immediate. At Washington the question of America's naval appropriations has been hotly debated and the demand is being reiterated for equality with Britain in cruisers as in other craft. Japan is following suit. France and Italy are building few cruisers but both Powers are concentrating on the submarine; and France at this moment has more submarines under construction than Germany had at any time during the up-building of the German fleet.

The debates in the United States Senate and House will be answered in March in London when the British naval estimates come up for discussion and the Admiralty will demand still further appropriations. These demands and debates will be answered in the summer in the Japanese Diet. There is only one way out. Another conference must be brought together promptly to make good the defects of the last. With the two great English-speaking peoples in harmony again this mad race can be ended.

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# Coal, Steel, and "Sedition"

By HARBOR ALLEN

IN twelve cities and towns of Pennsylvania police have recently raided the homes of workers, arrested left-wing union speakers, charged members of the Workers' Party with sedition, driven organizers out of town, broken up meetings, locked up halls, and intimidated hall owners. The cause of these pogroms is the growing unrest of workers, the spreading power of the Communists, the increased pressure for unions in non-union plants, and the rise of a militant left wing within the miners' union.

Who has been pulling the wires that make the police of Pennsylvania pounce? The puppet master is not hard to find in the western part of the State where the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation rules a cluster of towns known as the "J and L private kingdom." "The majority of raids of this kind," Governor Pinchot conceded to the protests of the American Civil Liberties Union, "are probably prompted by the self-interest of large corporations." In the mining district of northeastern Pennsylvania the controlling hand is, oddly enough, that of the United Mine Workers' district officials intrenched against the Brophy left-wing opposition and cooperating with the churches, standpat political bosses, and the American Legion.

Trouble in the sovereignty of Jones and Laughlin began last summer when Hamilton Brown, police chief of Aliquippa, raided a Marxian Socialism class in a private home. Four men were marched handcuffed through the streets, held six hours in jail, and discharged without complaint or hearing. Permits even for dances of any radical group in Aliquippa have been regularly denied. One applicant was told bluntly that J and L would fire any borough councilman who granted such permits. Chief of Police Brown is now being sued for $30,000 damages by the American Civil Liberties Union in the name of three workers who charge false arrest. In the trial, which began February 8, a bust of Lenin was introduced as damaging evidence against the plaintiffs. One witness was thoroughly quizzed on her belief in God and in punishment after death. The postmaster of Woodlawn, called as witness for the defense, testified that he was formerly a J and L employee, is now chairman of a special American Legion committee to extirpate communism, and watches the mails for radical literature sent to workers in the town from the Workers' Party headquarters. Some of it he has stopped on his own authority. Continuation of the hearing has been postponed until later in February.

Midnight of Armistice Day found some Communists celebrating the birthday of a sixteen-year-old girl in a Woodlawn home. Into this home burst a troop of State, city, and J and L police. They ransacked the house from top to bottom; they filled grips with "red literature" and buttons. A neighbor, hearing the racket, rushed over to take his daughter home. He was arrested. Before morning two other dwellings had been raided, union records had been carted off, seven men had been locked up for "sedition." They were held in jail in default of $1,000 bail each.

Urged by the Civil Liberties Union, Governor Pinchot and Attorney General George W. Woodruff started an investigation. The Governor wrote that the State police had joined the midnight party only when they were convinced that the warrants for the raid were proper and that they were needed to "avert bloodshed." The Attorney General wrote a two-page, single-spaced eulogy of free speech. The charges were quashed.

> The "red literature" upon which the sedition charges were based [reported a Civil Liberties Union investigator] is sold publicly at Workers' Party headquarters throughout the country, including those at Pittsburgh. The buttons, sold at a celebration of the ninth anniversary of Russia's revolution, were inscribed USSR (United Socialist Soviet Republics). The Associated Press broadcast the concoction of the police that the sinister initials stood for "Unite for a United States Soviet Republic." For the Governor to say that such an array of State, city, and steel police was needed to "avert bloodshed" at a birthday party is highly disingenuous. The warrants were blanket warrants for searching any home at any time if radical activities are suspected. . . . Yes, the Workers' Party meets in private homes. This is because they are terrorized. They are constantly being blacklisted and driven from town. One of the men arrested and released was fired from the plant the next morning and told to pack up and clear out of town before 3 o'clock. Recently the company discharged every local reader of foreign or English communist papers. They must have got the list from the post office.

While the Governor's investigation was in full swing four more homes were raided in December and eight more workers arrested. Practically all the testifying was done by a J and L police lieutenant. Testimony consisted of a picture of Lenin and a grip full of "red" literature, thrown open to the court but not examined. This material was seized in the previous raid. The men are now under bail for violation of the Flynn anti-sedition act.

I have heard it said that conservative labor unions in America are more vindictive in hounding radicals than State officials. Conditions in the anthracite zone around Scranton and Wilkes-Barre bear this out. During the recent election in the United Mine Workers' Union, the Brophy left-wing slate, the first energetic opposition to the Lewis regime, was harassed by a combination of the American Legion, churches, Fascists, police, and district officials of the union. Hall owners were terrorized. Police permits for Brophy, Brennan, Howatt, and Keeney meetings were denied. Speakers were barred on the excuse that they would "advocate violent policies." One speaker was warned that he would never leave the hall alive.

At Sharon police raided a meeting under the auspices of the International Labor Defense, arrested Martin Krasic, secretary of the Slavic Section of the organization, and fined him $100 "for not displaying the American flag on the platform." At Daisytown Powers Hapgood, leader in the anti-Lewis faction, was arrested, taken to the Vesta Coal Company police station, searched, and released. At Brownsville the chairman of a meeting for H. C. Wicks of the Workers' Party was arrested and fined $10 for failure to display the flag. The crowd waited till he returned. Then the meeting went on.

The caretaker of the public schools at Shamokin stated that the president of the miners' local had forbidden meetings for William J. Brennan of Scranton. A meeting, however, was held in the same town the following day. At

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Edwardsville two detectives told Julia Poyntz that her "meeting can't be held, lady." In Dunmore and Plymouth permits for meetings, dances, picnics are denied any group that savors of radicalism. In Wilkes-Barre and surrounding towns hall owners were notified: "No halls for John Brophy." A Communist member of the Polish Parliament attempted to speak in Wilkes-Barre to a number of Ukrainian clubs, none of them Communist. His subject was political and economic conditions in Europe. The police scattered the four hundred listeners in the middle of the talk. "No damned Bolshevik meetings allowed in Wilkes-Barre"—they said.

Scranton is even tighter. Sacco-Vanzetti meetings, anti-Fascist meetings, anything short of National Security League standards of virtue and patriotism is met with thumbs down. In this work the Legion, the churches Fascists, and political bosses act hand in hand with Rinaldo Capellini, district president of the miners. Recently the Legion and the Constitutional League threatened to run all radicals out of town. They kept out Vincente Vacirca Socialist ex-deputy of the Italian Parliament. As an opening wedge in this air-tight compartment, the American Civil Liberties Union will shortly hold under its auspices a free speech test and anti-Fascist meeting in Scranton.

Meanwhile, Rinaldo Capellini acts as toastmaster at Vare banquets; and Pennsylvania remains the only State in the republic where political heretics are hunted at night for "sedition."

# For Europe—Free Trade or Ruin

By R. R. KUCZYNSKI

MANY persons on both sides of the ocean imagine that before 1914 the economic order in Europe had reached a stage of intelligent collaboration; that each nation, as a rule, produced those goods which it could produce at particularly low cost and exported the surplus, if such existed, while it imported such goods as were produced more cheaply abroad; and that in the economic struggle between the various countries the nation which was more industrious or technically more highly developed went ahead, with beneficial results for the entire world.

In reality, the basis of trade between European countries was not nearly as fair and as reasonable as these people now like to believe. Dumping was a common practice. Wherever an industry was protected by tariffs against foreign competitors, the very industrialists who had requested those tariffs for the benefit of their country sold their goods cheaper abroad than at home. They frequently sold in a foreign country even below their own cost of production in order to ruin the industry of that country, the losses thus incurred to be compensated later by correspondingly higher prices. Thus the German Steel Association before the war sold steel bars at 130 marks per ton in Germany, at 105 marks in Switzerland, England, and Holland, at 75 marks in Italy. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* at that time estimated the losses of the Steel Association from its Italian business at 800,000 lire per year. This price policy, which, of course, was not followed by Germany alone, created economic difficulties at home and bitter feeling abroad. The more economic relations between the various countries became interwoven the more intense became the friction. While division of labor within a country was generally recognized as the basis of economic and technical progress, international division of labor, which for a century had been the goal of the most intelligent economists, was rejected and ridiculed. International cartels which pretended to serve the economic peace had no other aim than to keep up prices at the expense of the consumer.

The political reorganization of Europe following the war has increased the points of friction in two respects. First, the number of sovereign states has materially increased. Three former empires—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia—have now become eleven republics—Germany, Danzig, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, the Soviet Union, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, Finland. Moreover, parts of those three empires were ceded to Belgium, France, Denmark, Italy, Jugoslavia, Rumania. The result is an almost complete Balkanization of Central and Eastern Europe. The total number of states has doubled, the number of states with fewer than fifty million inhabitants has trebled. The new frontiers in some cases, like that of the Polish Corridor, have been absurdly extended and multiplied regardless of economic needs. This splintering in itself is a serious handicap to international traffic. On a journey between two cities like Strasbourg and Königsberg or Prague and Temesvar, which before the war were not separated, one must pass three frontiers. And today each frontier is a real barrier. One needs a passport and a visa. One is not allowed to enter a country if one has too little money and one is not allowed to quit the country with too much money. Tariffs are unstable and tariff provisions are interpreted arbitrarily. Import prohibitions and restrictions are customary.

These are, of course, only conspicuous symptoms of a disease from which the world has suffered for decades. The difference between post-war and pre-war conditions is merely that the impediments have become more numerous and the governments make less effort to conceal their real object. The pre-war German cattle tariff granted a reduction to "large dappled mountain cattle or brown cattle reared at a spot at least 300 meters above sea level and which have at least one month's grazing each year at a spot at least 800 meters above sea level." The German Government today would certainly not go to so much trouble in order to debar any but Swiss cattle!

All this leads to one conclusion. International economic rivalry was so bitter even before the war that if the Balkanization of Central and Eastern Europe had taken place in 1914 through peaceful methods rather than through a world war, the resulting economic chaos would soon have made necessary a large-scale economic unification. But the situation is, of course, more strained in every respect as the result of the war.

First, the purchasing power of many nations has been seriously reduced; their capacity to absorb foreign goods is much smaller than in pre-war times.

Second, economic nationalism, strengthened by political nationalism, the mania to become wholly independent

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of foreign countries even when the necessary conditions for a domestic industry are lacking, leads the newly created states in particular to adopt a commercial policy often in conflict with their own economic interests. Their import restrictions and prohibitions and their exclusion of foreigners in many cases result in high production costs, thus diminishing the purchasing power of their consumers and directly hindering not only the importation of goods which they wish to debar but indirectly the importation of other commodities as well.

Third, the World War weakened the economic position of Europe in favor of other parts of the world. American industry has acquired a predominance almost equal to that which England had a century ago. The industrialization of South America has made that continent largely independent of European industry. The same is true of Canada, India, China, and Japan. European industry not only finds it difficult to sell its products to those nations, but it meets them as competitors on the markets of the rest of the world.

The effects of these three factors may be illustrated by two examples.* The export of British cotton piece goods to India declined by 57 per cent between 1913 and 1923. About three-fifths of this decline may be attributed to diminished consumption, about a quarter to increased local production, and about one-seventh to increased foreign competition. In 1923 British exports of pig iron to France, Italy, and Japan showed decreases, compared with 1913, of 63, 38, and 87 per cent, respectively. In the case of France the predominant cause for the decline was increased local production owing to the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine; in Italy, decline of local consumption; and in Japan, the competition of imports from other sources, i. e., from China and India. And that occurred in spite of the fact that British trade is treated at least as favorably in foreign markets as that of any other exporting country.

From these facts it is clear that even if the former large economic entities in Europe were reestablished, even if the interallied and reparation debts were canceled, even if domestic purchasing power again reached pre-war levels, Europe's chance of competing successfully with America and other rising economic powers would be far smaller than before the war.

Where then is salvation to be found? Everyone who has studied this problem will answer—in the economic unification of Europe. Some understand economic unification to mean the creation of international cartels to rationalize production, limit output, and restrict competition. But those cartels, in the long run, will be only another form of checking international trade, and it is doubtful whether the consumers (who, in the case of the steel cartel, for instance, include all manufacturers using steel) will be better off than under the present system of checking commercial intercourse by excessive tariffs, import restrictions, and similar governmental means. Others understand by economic unification intergovernmental agreements regarding tariff classifications, customs formalities, and the like, but this again would fail to touch the root of the evil. Still others advocate customs unions between small states, like that recently arranged between Latvia and Esthonia. But desirable as such unions may be, they can at best be valued only as a modest start. Even if all the Baltic states formed such a union, and if all the Danube states and all the Balkan states followed their example, the number of independent economic units would still be far too large. In order to realize this, it is only necessary to study the causes of the economic superiority of the United States of America. They lie in the fact that those forty-eight states, which cover almost as large an area as the thirty-three states of Europe, constitute one economic entity. It may be urged that this does not account for the economic success of America, that the principal causes are America's greater natural resources and smaller population. But if the natural resources of Spain, Italy, France, Great Britain, Sweden, Germany, Russia, etc., be combined it will be found that they nearly equal those of the United States—even if the colonies are not taken into account. And is a small population always an advantage? Do the most densely settled countries of Europe —Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Germany—economically lag behind less densely settled countries like Russia or Spain? Is the United States with 115,000,000 inhabitants less prosperous than it was seventy years ago with one-fourth its present population? And will it be worse off in seventy years when at its present rate of increase it should have 400,000,000 inhabitants and be as densely settled as is Europe today? The cultivable area of the United States is certainly more than sufficient to feed adequately 400,000,000 people and with such an extension of the domestic market the increase in the production of manufactures might well exceed the increase of population.

Combining all the states of Europe into one economic entity and introducing universal free trade between them seems thus to be the only possible solution of the existing difficulty. And such a free-trade system should be introduced at one stroke. It would not do to lower the tariff barriers gradually, for many industries in the newly created states can hardly exist even with the excessive tariffs they enjoy at present and would be ruined by any material reduction of rates. Nor would it do to agree at once upon free trade and have it go into operation say in ten years, since the protected industries, with their powerful political influence would be almost certain to succeed in delaying the introduction of the new system. It might, however, be possible to relieve the hardship to certain manufacturers involved in such a change, by forming an international organization which would purchase at higher than world market prices the products of those protected industries, the quantity purchased and the premium paid decreasing every two or three years in order to enable and induce these producers to shift to industries for which their country is better adapted.

Such a scheme of universal free trade throughout Europe would have seemed utopian six months ago. It was considered so when the International League for the Rights of Man proclaimed it at its congress in Brussels last June. But when only four months later a group of leading bankers and industrialists representing sixteen countries made a similar appeal to the nations, protectionists all over Europe became alarmed. Unfortunately as soon as the signers of the manifesto noticed that, they also became alarmed. "The manifesters," says Richard Washburn Child, "retired with unnecessary docility, with timid explanations and on tiptoe, as if they had not voiced an incontrovertible fact and an incontrovertible trend."

The alternatives facing Europe are these: economic division and decline, or economic unification and prosperity.

* Cf. "Committee on Industry and Trade, Survey of Overseas Markets," London, 1925, p. 6.

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# China's Libraries

By ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

THE conception of a library as an instrument of education for the masses is very recent. Mass-education itself is not old. Until modern times it was unheard of even in Europe; and in China it has had no part in her millennial civilization, which is in some respects superior to our own.

But recently there has been an educational revolution in China whose importance dwarfs the two-penny military movements in which most of us seem to be interested. That country has thrown overboard bodily her classical system of training and has adopted Western education lock, stock, and barrel. With it has come the idea of educating the masses, including women. Probably about 5 per cent of Chinese women can now read, whereas the percentage was recently nearly zero. The percentage of male literacy may be 15 per cent for the whole country. This is a great improvement, but it serves as an indication of what remains to be done. There are enthusiastic Chinese engaged in the "mass-education" movement who anticipate that China will approach complete literacy in the next generation, possibly thirty years from now. "Literacy" means the ability to recognize and write at least 1,000 ideographic characters—the number now regarded as sufficient for ordinary purposes. Plans to write the Chinese language with an alphabet are not favorably regarded by the majority of Chinese educators.

But even with 15 per cent literacy there would be about sixty million persons in China able to read—by no means a negligible number. Collections of books as instruments of popular education are being seriously considered by the Chinese. In 1924 the Chinese Association for the Advancement of Education, a body possessing great political and social as well as cultural influence in China, invited the American Library Association to send a delegate to China to survey the libraries of the country and advise regarding their extension and improvement. The writer was asked to undertake this mission, and spent two months in China in the summer of 1925 with an opportunity to see all the important book collections of the country and incidentally its educational institutions.

Printing was invented in China centuries before it was known in Europe, and manuscript collections were common even before this, so that the library there is a very old institution. But prior to the fall of the Manchu dynasty no library was a public collection in any proper sense. Libraries were owned by private individuals—princes, officials, or wealthy merchants, or by schools, temples, or monasteries. Conditions were thus much as they were in medieval Europe. With the advent of the republic and the adoption of Western education came the formation of the provincial libraries, some of which are now called "public libraries," supported ostensibly, but most inadequately, by the provincial exchequers. Most of these are assemblages of private collections acquired by donation and housed in some building turned over free of charge by the authorities —an old palace, an academy, or an abandoned temple. In one or two cases pretentious buildings have been erected by private donors. None of these structures is fitted for modern library use and all are firetraps, especially since the wide introduction of electric lighting, coupled with lack of regulations for proper wiring. Already disastrous fires have destroyed valuable collections.

All things considered, the best-administered and most satisfactorily housed libraries in China are those of the universities. Many of the librarians here, in the government as well as the foreign institutions, have been trained in American library schools. Contact with these men has had its effect also on the provincial librarians, usually scholars with no modern library training, and some of them are making an effort to supplement their libraries with branches organized and operated on more modern lines.

Certain considerations operate to make the introduction of modern administration difficult. The old Chinese book is an assemblage of what we should call unbound pamphlets, each printed on one side of a continuous strip of paper and folded zigzag. Each of these constitutes a "section" about a quarter of an inch thick, and assemblages of ten or twelve sections are placed in loose cases and piled flat on the shelves of cupboards. One or two librarians are binding their old books in European style, but this plan is not yet in favor. Modern Chinese publishing houses, however, which are turning out thousands of new titles yearly, are printing and binding in European style. A Chinese library therefore consists of two different kinds of books which must be handled and shelved in different ways.

Again there is no traditional order of the Chinese characters, as with our alphabet. Their great number precludes any merely arbitrary arrangement, to be held in the memory like ours. Various attempts at some kind of logical order have been worked out, the success of which can be estimated from the fact that it may take half an hour to an hour to find a word in a Chinese dictionary. Nearly every librarian in China has a system of his own for his catalogue, which does not make for ease of consultation.

If these collections, or any of them, are to be used for the spread of popular education it is also necessary that two features which have proved successful with us should be adopted and used. I refer to free access, by which the reader is allowed to go to the shelves and handle the books as he would in his own library; and home use, by which he is allowed to take books to his own house. These may be called the corner-stones of the library intended for popular use; and they are practically non-existent in China.

The provincial libraries consist largely of valuable old classical works. It would be as inadvisable to turn them into popular libraries as it would to treat the Vatican Library in this way. They have no funds to buy the modern popular books in the vernacular. It has been hoped that part of the returned Boxer indemnity might be used for this purpose. The commission having this in charge has decided on grants that will greatly further the library movement—one to establish a great national library in Peking and one to the Boone Library School in Wuchang, to provide professorships and scholarships. These will be of great value, but neither directly aids the mass-education program.

The present disorders in China, which place the country practically at the mercy of bodies of armed coolies hired at a few cents a day by unscrupulous and ambitious men, should vanish under the influence of just ideas, spread by proper educational means. When funds now improperly expended for the upkeep of useless armies can be devoted to education, libraries will doubtless receive proper attention and the action and reaction of these two factors will hasten the redemption of China.

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# In the Driftway

HENRY FORD is a great maker of automobiles, but is he as great a maker of history? Not that anybody objects because Mr. Ford equips his history with a self-blowing horn. Nobody does anything without such an accessory nowadays. Nor is there any reason why Mr. Ford should not paint all his history black. No up-to-date historian uses any other color. But it seems that history f.o.b. Detroit, although provided with sufficient horse-power for the comparatively low hills of Massachusetts, cannot make the steeper grades to be found in New Hampshire. At least the Drifter notes that the schoolhouse which Mr. Ford reconstructed in Sudbury in honor of Mary and her little lamb has not been able to climb the heights of Newport in the Granite State. The Drifter has before him a cutting from the Newport *Argus-Champion* which characterizes Mr. Ford's entire product in Sudbury—chassis, body, and tail light—as the "Sterling myth." The extract was sent by Chester S. Ehrman, who referred to the subject briefly in the correspondence columns of a recent issue of *The Nation*.

* * * * *

THE *Argus-Champion* says that the verses about Mary and her snow-fleeced lamb were written by Sarah Josepha Hale, a native of Newport, New Hampshire, for many years editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*. They were published in 1830 in a booklet entitled "Poems for Our Children," issued from the press of Waite and Davis, Boston. No actual Mary and no particular lamb were in Mrs. Hale's mind when she wrote her immortal lines, says the *Argus-Champion*. The Drifter is not disposed to dispute this statement. He thinks that if the writer had been describing an actual lamb its fleece could not possibly have been referred to as "white as snow." The Drifter grew up on a farm. But the *Argus-Champion* has better authority than the Drifter. It says that last year Mrs. Sarah Hale Hunter of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a granddaughter of Sarah Josepha Hale, wrote to Robert E. Gould, president of the Newport Board of Trade, saying:

> I am the granddaughter of Sarah Josepha Buell Hale. She lived with my father and mother for many years in Philadelphia, and I remember asking her, as a child, whether there was a real Mary and real lamb. Her reply was that she had made it up and there was no foundation for the existence of either. She certainly wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb," however.

* * * * *

THE *Argus-Champion* then turns its attention to what it calls the "Sterling myth," of which it says:

> Now what is the basis of the claim of Sterling, Massachusetts, to Mary and the lamb? It is stated, and probably it is true, that in 1817 (thirteen years before Mrs. Hale's verses appeared) a girl named Mary Sawyer was a pupil in the little schoolhouse at Sterling which Henry Ford has purchased and transferred to Sudbury, Massachusetts. It is also claimed that she had a pet lamb. Doubtless this was true. Many little girls had pet lambs, and it may be readily conceded that Mary Sawyer's lamb followed her to school occasionally. It is also claimed that John Roulstone, a Harvard student, wrote some verses one day about Mary and the lamb and handed them, on a slip of paper, to Mary Sawyer. This doubtless may have happened. It is further claimed that the twelve lines that constituted these verses, were the same as the first twelve lines of the poem published by Mrs. Hale in 1830. But here is the weak link in the Sterling claim. The Roulstone verses, handed to Mary Sawyer, disappeared. Nobody has any record of them. They had apparently been entirely forgotten until Mrs. Hale's book appeared, and then Mary Tyler, of Somerville, Massachusetts, a relative of the Sawyer girl, recalled the incident, and, presumably, assumed that the Sterling Mary and the Sterling lamb were the basis of Mrs. Hale's poem. There is not a thing on record anywhere to substantiate this view.

* * * * *

THE Drifter does not feel qualified to pass upon this controversy. He is neither a historian nor a manufacturer of flivvers. Certainly he has no two billion dollars with which to back his judgment and impress the newspapers. But he concurs in the philosophy with which the *Argus-Champion* summarizes the discussion (it borrows the lines, it says, from an unknown source):

> Sweet Mary long has passed away,
> The poet, too, is dead,
> The children no more laugh and play,
> Afar they all have fled.
> At teacher's cold, unfeeling words
> The lamb no more can quiver,
> But still the gentle creature serves
> To advertise a flivver.

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## Poison or Protection?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the flood of propaganda about the so-called poison alcohol it has probably escaped your attention that the fact of the matter is that this process of denaturing alcohol, far from being an invention of the Prohibition Bureau, has been in use for fifteen years as a measure of industrial protection. This is only another example of the extraordinary perversion of the truth in the propaganda of our Wet opponents.

*New York, February 3* MARGARET NORRIE

## Democracy in Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is no charge made that Frank Smith was not legally elected as Senator from Illinois. The facts regarding the Insull contributions to his primary campaign were fully known to every voter and were in fact the main campaign issue. In spite of this the voters elected him by a large majority. Personally I detest everything that Smith and his ilk stand for, but that does not blind me to the principle involved, viz., the rule of the majority.

If Victor Berger can be ousted because of his opinions and Frank Smith for the method used in securing his nomination, it opens the door for unseating future elected officials on the ground of race, religion, and the Lord knows what.

*Chicago, February 1* EDW. D. LOEWENTHAL

## Moderns—Male and Female

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have two cats. Punch, the male, is larger and stronger, a wee bit more sportive, coal-black. Judy is black and white, more sedate, smaller but as quick. When Punch catches a mouse or gopher he places a powerful possessive paw on it and eats it himself, meanwhile uttering warning

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growls in the direction of Judy, who watches enviously from as close as she dares venture. Her envy is not augmented and made poisonous by ancestral voices telling her she must not try to catch a mouse but should find her keenest delight in the enjoyment and triumph that are Punch's; that if Punch leaves a tail or an ear she may help herself to that; and, anyway, why isn't she tending to her toilet, or washing the catdish, or having kittens, which would keep her from thinking of mice or being hungry. No, Judy knows that Punch does not expect her to be a "womanly" cat—he acknowledges and respects her equal Catness.

What makes these women modern? Every woman knows —women are human beings.

*On the California Front, January 24* UNKNOWN WIFE

## The South and "Al" Smith

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I've been over a large part of the South within the past few years and I'm willing to bet Governor Hays or any one else that if the Democratic Party nominates Governor Smith not only will the "Solid South" be broken but the Democratic Party will meet one of the worst defeats in its history. Smith may carry the Bourbon States of Dixie, but he will lose Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma, and probably also Texas and Florida.

Governor Hays is away off if he thinks that religion will cut no figure in the election with Smith as a candidate. It will, not only in Dixie but in the farmer-labor States of the Northwest. But one man in the Democratic Party can carry these Northwestern States and the "Solid South"—Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana. The farmers of the South are slowly but surely awakening to the fact that the Democratic machine leaders have done no more to aid them than the Republican machine leaders to aid the farmers of the West. McAdoo's strength was not all in the support given him by the Klan; in Texas the farmers and workers were for him because they believed "Wall Street" did not want him.

*Mena, Arkansas, January 31* COVINGTON HALL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Democracy in the South, which is, as Mr. Hays writes, "the party of our fathers and our fathers' fathers," is without aim or object, form or fashion, plank or platform, save "Keep the Nigger down." It was made the Solid South by cowardly white men with gun and torch in hand, pursuing fear-stricken Negroes who but the day before, comparatively speaking, had emerged from two hundred years of bondage.

Mr. Hays's premise, that "the Solid South will be for the Democratic nominee for President," is correct—irrespective of any shortcomings of which the nominee may be guilty. The Solid South would as religiously vote for a Sing Sing convict, if nominated for President on the Democratic ticket, as for a second Woodrow Wilson. "Al" Smith need have no fears.

The Southern white man prefers to continue to exist on his deserted as well as depleted acres of antiquated farm lands, on which even the grass refuses to grow, in order that he may continue to hold sacred the institution which brutalized millions of human beings; he refuses to throw open the gates to industrialism and to a system of agriculture in which independent men and women can engage—for that would make the country prosperous but destroy the solidity of the old South.

*Seattle, Washington, February 3* H. R. CAYTON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: All intelligent persons, even those who vote the Democratic ticket, very well know that the Democratic Party is as free from ideals as a fundamentalist preacher is from intelligence. They also know that it comes no nearer than its twin brother to representing our (the peasantry's) interests. And the *average* Southerner's instinctive distrust of the Republican Party is not half so dynamic as his hereditary suspicion of the Pope. Actually, he does not distrust the Devil so much as he does the Pope. He traditionally takes refuge in religious bigotry from all disturbing ideas. He is incredibly stupid; witness his concerted attack on the fundamental law of evolution. Of course, he will evolve out of all this, in time, as will his Northern brother. But hardly in time to support "Al" in 1928.

*El Dorado, Arkansas, February 6* BRYAN FULKS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The only evidence that George W. Hays gives that the South is for Smith is that as the South is always Democratic, it will continue to vote that way even if Smith is nominated. This is extremely doubtful. Lifelong Democrats are openly saying they will not vote for him. I venture the prediction that no State south of Maryland will favor him in the national convention.

The South knows no reason to adopt him. Mr. Hays pronounces him "the most important statesman of our time," but to most Southerners that will cause a laugh. We know nothing about Governor Smith as a national leader except on one point, and that is the association of his name with the movement to discredit prohibition. The outstanding issue before the American people at this moment relates to the foreign policy of the present Administration, especially with reference to Mexico and Nicaragua. By a series of almost incredible blunders we have been hurried along toward war with Mexico, or its equivalent, and it is high time individuals and associations should lift up their voice in protest; but what have we heard from Governor Smith? How does he stand on the foremost issue before the American people?

*Lubbock, Texas, February 1* JOHN C. GRANBERY

## That World Court

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Advocates of the World Court as constituted under the League of Nations should note the current of present-day events:

1. *Mexico.* Uncle Sam is defending the rights of oil companies against the government founded as a result of the Mexican Revolution of 1910. In this case, says the President of the United States, there is nothing to arbitrate.

2. *Nicaragua.* "The proprietary rights of the United States in the Nicaragua canal route" are being protected by the presence of fifteen war vessels and a large contingent of troops.

3. *Panama.* "The Republic of Panama will consider herself in a state of war in case of any war in which the United States should be a belligerent." So reads the pending treaty between the United States and Panama.

4. *China.* Great Britain, the United States, Japan, and other Powers are rushing war vessels and army divisions to the defense of their "concessions." Millions of Chinese are demanding equality among the nations. By way of making their demands heard they are taking the law into their own hands and resorting to direct action. Machine-guns provide the answer.

All four of these cases involve the exploitation of weak, undeveloped countries by powerful capitalist empires. Three of the countries are members of the League of Nations. Theoretically, their troubles should be handled by the World Court; practically, they are treated like international criminals in a world policed by predatory empires.

World courts and other world schemes based on world cooperation and a community of interest among the various peoples will play their part sometime in the not-distant future. So long as capitalist empires remain, however, they will settle their difficulties with tanks, machine-guns, and battle cruisers. When the crisis is over they will talk about it to the World

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Court. As well expect world courts to function under capitalist imperialism as to expect water to run freely in zero weather.

*Ridgewood, New Jersey, January 26* SCOTT NEARING

## Roosevelt, Trust-Buster

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on the Merging of 12,000 Miles of Railway moves me to reminisce.

You speak of the proposed merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads. You will recall that the dissolution of the merger of these two roads and the C. B. & Q. was sought and obtained in the Northern Securities case in 1903, and that Roosevelt wrote of the case in 1904 as a great achievement of his Administration. You call attention to the fact that the Northern Securities case invoked the powers of the Sherman anti-trust law to keep alive competition between two common carriers. Now the Interstate Commerce Commission seems likely to give its formal approval to the merging of these carrier properties.

In those days I was an ardent and alert correspondent in close and friendly touch with the Roosevelt Administration. I was enthusiastic at Roosevelt's championship of the cause of the Northwestern farmer-shippers and happy when Philander Knox, his "crackerjack" Attorney General, won the case. As I remember, it was an injunction proceeding and the court handed down "a decree" prohibiting the Northern Securities Company holding the voting stock of the two roads.

The bands played and the shouting died away.

I was in Chicago later, talking to Charles Gates Dawes, now Vice-President, who damned the applause which Roosevelt had won by the Northern Securities case. He said it was all a blankety fraud; that the decision in that case was not what it appeared to be; that Knox had consented to the writing of a decree which permitted the bondholdings of the two properties to remain in the same hands, and that it was immaterial what the decree said about one corporation holding the stock of another. He likened the bonds to a step-ladder and said the step-ladder was still straddling the two properties, and that the Northern Securities was only a "moot case."

All of which I put away in the back of my head.

Later Roosevelt went out of office and among those ambitious to succeed him was Philander Knox. The then great *Collier's Weekly*, under Mark Sullivan, commissioned me to do a piece about Knox as a possible successor to Roosevelt, and to this end I studied Knox, his life and public doings. I was troubled about the Northern Securities case and resolved to see Knox and talk to him about it. I found him in the evening alone in his study on the top floor of his residence on K Street. I was frank and told him what Dawes had said. He admitted it was a moot case in so far as the two railroads were affected; but contended earnestly that the decision established a precedent that one corporation could not hold the stock of another corporation and so wipe out competition.

The article on Knox was never published. He became worried and had Roosevelt send me a message to be careful in handling the Northern Securities matter. And Knox and Root were soon in the discard as Presidential possibilities in favor of the less frank Mr. Taft.

That was twenty-three years ago. The Sherman Act did not restore competition either in railroad or other business. Always, in my judgment, it was more or less of a fraud. Mr. Kellogg wrote a decree which did no harm to the Standard Oil trust; Mr. J. C. McReynolds wrote one which did nothing to the tobacco trust; Mr. Moody enjoined the beef trust. There is hardly a trust which has not had the benefit of a suit and decree, unless it is the "good" steel trust. It is the old fallacy of putting statute against economic law. It can't be done.

*Washington, D. C., January 29* GILSON GARDNER

## A Shocking Exhibit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the New Gallery, 600 Madison Avenue, there is, until February 26, an extremely shocking exhibition of American painting by Thomas H. Benton. Shocking to the aesthete and the gallery-hound with eyes cocked toward Paris; shocking to the hundred-percenter who resents an America shown so harshly; shocking to the architect who finds no skilful and pleasing arrangement of historic symbols; shocking to the young communist who regards it as capitalist propaganda; shocking to the painter, "modern" or "academic," because it's neither "modern" nor "academic"; and shocking, most pleasantly so, because so unusual, to the lover of finely balanced, closely coordinated, sharply characterized, lucidly wrought, rhythmically arranged structural design. These pictures represent several years' work upon American themes—historical subjects, trains, people, decorations for spacious places (the smallest of them would destroy the peace of a drawing-room), without sentimentality or "charm." The earlier canvases are least successful, lacking that fine balance between planes and rounded forms which the latest works are beginning to show. But—go and see it.

*New York, February 14* BOARDMAN ROBINSON

### What Made These Women "Modern"?

*The ninth article in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, will analyze these articles for* The Nation, *in an attempt to discover the underlying causes of the modern woman's attitude toward men, marriage, children, and jobs.*

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# Books and Plays

## First Glance

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, whose "Autobiography and Memoirs" is fortunately once more available (Harcourt, Brace, 2 vols.: $7.50), was not the painter he thought himself to be even in his lowest moments. Aldous Huxley, the writer of the introduction to the new edition, may be a little too hard on Haydon's canvases, most of which he admits he has never seen; he is a little too eager to make his point that Haydon had every gift except the "gift of expressing himself in form and color." But Mr. Huxley in general must be right; Haydon undoubtedly was insignificant—though much might be said for his head of Wordsworth in Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

In one sense his book is insignificant. Haydon, who was chronically wrong about himself, considered that at least his memoirs would constitute an important, because typical, record of artist life. "The state of a young mind progressing in the art," he said, "the sanguine nature of its temperament, the hopes, the fears, the anxieties, the agitations which beset a youth on entering life, especially in a refined art, by a path pronounced by all to lead to certain ruin, cannot but be interesting, at least to others making the same steps with equal ardor and more talent, but not more sincerity, than I possessed then, for there I will defy any man, let him be Rafaelle himself, to beat me." But if Haydon was not a good artist, how can his life have been typical? How can one be sure that his anxieties and his ecstasies were not merely ridiculous? Must not one indeed conclude that this is the way genuine painters do not feel? "The true way to preserve my health is to lie on a hard mattress, sleep six or seven hours, jump out at first waking, wash instantly in a cold bath, study for eight hours, drink nothing but weak tea and water, eat the most simple food, no suppers, no hashes, no fricassees. When I do this I feel braced for the day and ready for any exertion, mental or corporeal." Poor Haydon! He was always ready. But what of those happier artists who surprise themselves with masterpieces when they are least expecting them, who do not need their bodies at all, perhaps, in order to work well? It is a sad fact that we know how second-rate art is produced, and in many cases have complete documentation in the matter, but know next to nothing about the progress of good work into the world.

In another sense, of course, the book is of the highest significance. Mr. Huxley insists that Haydon, whatever he was not, was certainly a writer of magnitude; and no one can doubt it who starts reading these many pages. I have found few books more absorbing. Haydon had the power of seeing the world brightly, of describing it richly and with humor, of giving the impression that it is very deep and full. Better still, he knew how to make himself count in the scene. He becomes the center, if the tragic center, of a great and complicated action. The story, merely as story, of his coming up to London to be a great historical painter, of his devoting heroic nights and days to the perfection of a feeble talent, of his relations to friends, landlords, patrons, creditors, and critics, of his debts, his despairs, his momentary elevations, and his final resort to suicide by razor and pistol a few minutes after the last entry in his diary—the story is one of the best I know. And it can be recommended to those who know nothing and care nothing about artists. For Haydon, as Mr. Huxley makes clear, was only a great writer.

MARK VAN DOREN

## Boccaccio and Aretino

*Amorous Fiammetta.* By Giovanni Boccaccio. Revised from the only English Translation with an Introduction by Edward Hutton. Albert and Charles Boni. $6.

*The Works of Aretino.* Translated into English from the original Italian, with a Critical and Biographical Essay by Samuel Putnam. Illustrations by Marquis de Bayros. Chicago: Pascal Covici. Two volumes. $17.50.

THE historical study of literature and the interpretation of writers in terms of the "spirit of the age" is passing out of fashion. The newest aesthetic jealously maintains the independence of art and artist and generally resents any attempt to consider either as a mere function of the life of a time. Yet in the case of a writer like Boccaccio it seems futile to attempt to comprehend him completely except in relation to that culture which quickly proclaimed him a classic. However banal the statement may be, it is nevertheless true that like Dante and Petrarch he stood for one of the three elements which made up the complex of the early Renaissance, that he spoke for the *moyen homme sensuel* exactly as they spoke, respectively, for the mystic and the scholar and that it is the success with which he spoke which has made him remembered. It is true also that his life as an artist was a continual struggle to find the form and the accent which should express neither more nor less than what he felt, and that the only one of his numerous works which achieved genuine immortality is the one in which he succeeded in doing just that.

Boccaccio was a modest man, quick to admire others and in his innermost self distrustful of his own worth. He worshiped the memory of Dante as he might have worshiped a god, he sat at the feet of Petrarch like a humble scholar in the presence of a great master, and, distrusting the worth of the sunny paganism of his own temper, he wasted many years in trying to keep from being himself. "Amor è quel che mi guida e conduce," he wrote at the beginning of his "Ninfale Fiesolano," but love was an inexact word, then as now, and Boccaccio was afraid to look his love in the face. He was more than half ashamed of the simple, joyous, and uncorrupted sensuality of his nature; he tried to convince himself that the love which burned in his veins was identical with the intellectual idea of Dante and the tepid warmth of Petrarch; and though in his "Life of Dante" he revealed how incapable he was of comprehending his subject he insisted upon trying to be Dantesque. In nearly everything that he wrote there are passages which are bright with a fresh, springlike sensuality, but the harmony of the whole is generally spoiled either by laborious pedantry or by a wholly, ludicrously inappropriate attempt at allegorization like that which transforms the "Ameto" into an unintentional burlesque upon the theme of sacred love. By no means a thinker and little gifted with the power of self-analysis, Boccaccio probably never realized that his greatness consisted in his power to see the world through the eyes of the sensual man. Instinct rather than reason led him to the form of his two most important works.

"Fiammetta," a long prose monologue of a deserted woman, full of genuine feeling and acute psychology, may be read with pleasure today, and it stands second only to the "Decameron." The "Heroides" of Ovid obviously inspired it; in spite of the artificiality of the frequent classical illusions it is completely "worldly," and its author had but one step further to go before producing in the "Decameron" the first great work of modern literature in which the world of the senses is represented as complete and self-justifying. From

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the "Decameron" no lines of reference go out either to classical antiquity or to eternity. In it the flesh and the intellect are sufficient to establish all values and judge all actions. Man and nature are complete, God and revelation unnecessary.

And to realize how truly he spoke not for himself alone but for his age one need but remember both the eagerness with which he was hailed and the rapidity with which Italian literature and society plunged downward from the "Decameron" to Aretino. His life, indeed, ending as it did in a repentance, represents *in petto* the Renaissance as a whole. His skepticism, like much of the skepticism of the Renaissance, was instinctive rather than reasoned, the protest of warm blood against ascetic doctrines rather than the result of logical conclusions; the fear of hell which he had dismissed rather than conquered came upon him again in exactly the same way that the Catholic Reaction came upon Italy as a whole. The only difference was that while Boccaccio never plumbed the depths of sensuality but remained till the time of his conversion hardly more than youthfully ardent, Italy completed the cycle which ends in the jaded and brutal ferocity of Aretino.

The Navarre Society edition of "Fiammetta" is thoroughly satisfactory. The translation used as a basis is the Elizabethan one made by Edward Young, whose long, picturesque, and syntactically loose sentences are a fairly satisfactory equivalent for Boccaccio's elaborate humanistic style, and there is a sound if not brilliant introduction by Edward Hutton, a recognized authority. Against the Aretino, though beautifully printed, certain cavils may be made. It is preceded by a swaggering introduction in the style of the enfant terrible of the nineties, in which Aretino is referred to as "the poison flower of the Renaissance," and it is illustrated by a series of delicately indecent pictures which suggest the age of Beardsley much more than they do the coarse brutality of Aretino. Though the selections are comprehensive in scope —from "La Cortigiana" and from the letters as well as from the more famous "Ragionamenti"—there is no indication of the fact that what is presented as "The Dialogues" is really only a series of very brief extracts and the so-called translation of the "Sonnetti Lussuriosi" is no translation at all. These poems, written to interpret a series of indecent paintings by Giulio Romano, are in the plainest and most brutal language, and whoever supposes that he can form any idea of them from the periphrastic innuendoes of the present version is completely mistaken.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## As Mr. Asquith

*Fifty Years of British Parliament.* By the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Little, Brown and Company. Two volumes. $8.

THE fifty years referred to in the title of this book begin with the general election of 1868 and end with the dissolution of Parliament in 1918. For considerably more than half of this period the distinguished author (as Herbert H. Asquith) sat in the House of Commons, and for a good part of it he was a member of the Cabinet—as Home Secretary in the last Gladstone and Rosebery ministries (1892-1895), Chancellor of the Exchequer under Campbell-Bannerman (1905-1908), and Prime Minister during a time of grave domestic and foreign crisis in his country's history (1908-1916). He has had a longer parliamentary career than any other living British statesman except Lord Balfour, and he was a principal, not to say a storm center, in political transactions of the first magnitude. It cannot be questioned that he has the qualification in personal experience necessary for making what he promises us in his preface, "a contribution to history written to a large extent from first-hand knowledge."

And when Lord Oxford permits himself to become autobiographical, to record his own impressions, to express personal opinions on men and measures, what he has to say is always interesting and sometimes important. But too often he writes on public questions of which he has inside information as any fairly well-informed outsider might be expected to write. The first of his two volumes, which comes to the South African War, adds almost nothing to our knowledge of English parliamentary and political history. The account of affairs during the Gladstone and Rosebery ministries is disappointingly unoriginal. He does tell us that in the debates on the bill of 1895 for the disestablishment of the Welsh church, of which he was in charge, one of the Welsh members, "a natural frondeur," gave him "a certain amount of trouble"; but one would never guess from anything in these volumes that Lloyd George ever caused him more serious trouble than this. In the memorable controversy over Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference precipitated by Chamberlain in 1903 he rose to the height of a great argument and did more than any other Liberal leader to justify free trade to the British electorate, but beyond a casual reference to a pamphlet containing some of the speeches which he delivered at the time Lord Oxford seems to have no recollection of Mr. Asquith's participation in this campaign. For a full generation he was a member of the House of Commons and for nearly nine years he was its leader, yet in the general observations which he makes concerning the House he draws scarcely at all upon his own rich experience. It is interesting to know that speeches are not so long as they were in the days of Gladstone and Disraeli, and that the practice of classical quotation has fallen into disuse, but any student of *Hansard* could have told us this. What Lord Oxford has to say of the office of Prime Minister is based almost entirely on what others have said; and he will not be accused of any indiscretions in disclosing what he knows of the proceedings of the Cabinet.

The most substantial chapters in the book, regarded as history, are those which narrate the conflict between the Lords and the Commons that resulted in the passing of the Parliament Act, and those on Ulster in the days when Carson was leading it along the road of loyalist treason. The World War and its causes are left out of consideration, because this subject has been dealt with by the author in his "Genesis of the War," and by Lord Grey in his "Twenty-five Years." Lord Oxford makes it clear that he has no regret for the course which his Government took with respect to the House of Lords. He believes it to have been constitutionally correct, and he even ventures the hazardous prediction that the Parliament Act, in its essential provisions, is likely to remain law for a long time to come. He writes, however, in a spirit of quite remarkable detachment, and it is evident that he bears no grudge toward those who at the time denounced him as a destroyer of the constitution. The policy of his Administration toward Ulster during the years 1912-1914 has been severely criticized on the ground that it is demoralizing for a government to tolerate preparations for armed resistance to its authority. Lord Oxford does not question that the Ulster leaders could have been prosecuted under the criminal law, but he observes that it is never wise to prosecute if failure to convict is a foregone conclusion, and he is convinced that no Irish jury would have convicted. Moreover, the Irish Nationalist leaders were strongly opposed to resorting to criminal proceedings against the Ulsterites, because "it would inevitably secure for the victims an invaluable and much-coveted place in the annals of Irish martyrology."

The present three-party system in England is regarded by many Englishmen as a transitional stage in party history and as destined to no long duration. Lord Oxford does not share this opinion. He believes that the present situation, despite its drawbacks, has come to stay, because there are real, living issues between the parties. He thinks that a party division into moderates and extremists would be a calamity.

In his characterizations of statesmen who were once his political opponents Lord Oxford exhibits in a conspicuous degree the British spirit of fair play. Balfour once said that Lord Hartington was the most persuasive speaker he had ever

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known "because he never attempted to conceal the strength of the case against him." Lord Oxford never commits the vulgar error of underrating men because they differed from him in politics.

R. L. SCHUYLER

## Mrs. Deland's Flank Attack

*The Kays.* By Margaret Deland. Harper and Brothers. $2.

"I," George Kay said satirically, "am modest enough to refrain from deciding what is 'right' or 'wrong' for my country! All *I* do is to offer her my blood."

To which his wife replied that his reason would be a nobler gift.

No wonder everyone in Old Chester disliked her and that this dislike grew to open animosity, that the butcher sold her tainted meat, and that children jeered at her in the streets, and that the windows of the room in which a poor crazy inmate of her house lived should be broken in when President Lincoln's Declaration of War was read and lists of the dead began to be tacked up in every post office. To be sure the town had also disapproved of her when she helped fugitive slaves escape into Canada. But the two disapprovals did not seem inconsistent to it because it did not think of the war as being fought to put an end to slavery. In fact, it thoroughly disapproved of those headstrong Boston Abolitionists who wanted to free the slaves. When you came right down to it Old Chester wasn't any too sure just why the war was being fought; but it was intensely sure that anyone who questioned the wisdom of settling human disputes by mutual murder must be a coward, and it applauded the patriotism of its coarser spirits who sang with relish:

> Come let us chant in perfect tune,
> The South shall be the North's spittoon.

Their songs and their fervor and their animosity and her husband's departure for the war and her son's social disgrace because he refused to depart for it—the novel turns chiefly on this son and what happened to him—all fail to shake Agnes Kay's obstinate belief that war is murder.

With skill and inventiveness and humor Mrs. Deland has given a lively and veracious picture of the irritable animosity induced in human beings by the spectacle of an individual ordering her life by reason when the rest of the world is luxuriating in emotion and belligerence. Her picture of the once beautiful young woman whose native intensity was tremendously increased by a sexual shock that drove her for refuge to a literal and dreadfully unsettling Christianity is given almost wholly through the unsympathetic eyes of the harassed and saddened town, and those of her handsome, sensitive, easy-going, dissipated husband whom everyone liked as much as they disliked Agnes Kay, even though they didn't like losing their money in his lottery, and even though they disapproved of his predilections for wine and women. But although the picture of Agnes Kay is unsympathetically presented, although her cool, reasonable voice falls icily on our ears, in the end, when the tangled threads of the story are drawn together, she wins even her husband to her view.

There is this, among other possible disadvantages, in embodying general ideas in individual characters, that all the idiosyncrasies of the individual come to be associated with the general idea. One might, in the present instance, conclude that pacifists and literal Christians, though divinely right, are necessarily rather unimaginative and exasperating and humorless in their relations with other people. Doubtless some pacifists and literal Christians are, just as some militarists are; but there is nothing in either belief that would necessarily make them so; and the man who was possibly the most conspicuous American exponent during the late war of the twin heresies of pacifism and Christianity is noted for his genial tolerance and humor.

This exception noted, Mrs. Deland's novel is an extremely able dramatization of the emotional irrelevancies and contradictions and cruelties of war psychology. In addition it contains an interesting study, only partially developed, of the relations of a man who thinks through his emotions with a woman who feels through her mind. Carrying gifts to all the pleasant qualities of the average men who make the average mob that fights, Mrs. Deland has nevertheless executed a clever flank attack on man's reluctance to leave his animal state, and on war.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

## Expressing America

*East Side West Side.* By Felix Riesenberg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE Great American Novel: How Not to Write It would be a helpful course for many of our contemporary fictionists who are busy giving us animated charts expressing the souls of New York, Chicago, the plains of Dakota, the mesas of Arizona, and America in general. We would thereby be deprived of a great many Americas, New Yorks, Chicagos, and Dakotas; but perhaps we would get a few Americans—that is to say, just some local specimens of that universal genus of forked radishes whose antics, whether on Nevsky Prospekt or on Commonwealth Avenue, despite all pretenses to the contrary, are strangely alike.

But how about all these national, topographical, and municipal souls that are clamoring so for expression? Let them wait. Consider the Russian novelists who collectively and cumulatively seem to have succeeded rather well in expressing the "soul of Russia," yet were none of them bold enough to undertake such a job individually. Dostoevski's novels are largely localized in Petersburg; but what book blurber would be crass enough to say that "Crime and Punishment" expresses the soul of Petersburg? Or, to turn to Anglo-Saxondom, who will accuse Hardy of having expressed the Wessex soul as definitively as our Middle-Western novelists have expressed the twin souls of the Mississippi Valley and the Great Plains? Suspicions are abroad, in fact, that the desire for utterance among our States and municipalities is not nearly so urgent as our novelists would have us believe. Judging by the average straphanger, the soul of Greater New York, for instance (not excluding the Ghetto), is more easily allayed by such an indigenous work as "Beau Geste" than by "Manhattan Transfer." One is inclined to think that expressing America is only a popular alibi among our novelists, who find it much easier to handle synthesized characters like New York, or Chicago, or the Mississippi Valley than to be bothered with the vagaries of troublesome, irresponsible individuals. This, rather than any awakening of national consciousness, may account for the avidity with which they have taken to studying American geography and history and Austrian psychology. Thanks to such labor-saving devices as history, geography, and psychoanalysis it is now possible to *prove* characters by the circumstantial evidence of heredity and environment, instead of inventing them by the fiat of genius—a dogmatic, perilous act, for who is quite sure of his genius?

These are lengthy reflections on a lengthy and terribly flabby novel. But "East Side West Side" is a convenient example. This story of a Fifth Avenue scion who is spawned on the East Side waterfront via the servant girl, and who works his way west again via the Ghetto, the Bowery, and Morningside Heights is supposed to show a very important cross-section of Manhattan. Unfortunately, Mr. Riesenberg's researches into Freud have been too rudimentary for him to make the usual excavations for character-building with the steam-shovel of psychoanalysis. In default of this one needs a gift for rhapsodic expressionism, a gift which Mr. Riesenberg most woefully lacks. His hero, John Breen, alias Fighting

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Lipvitch, alias Van Horn, is a premature birth of the author's fancy deposited in an incubator called New York and kept alive through four hundred pages by such artificial respiration as:

> City, lyric city, lovely city of millions and millions of tame tenants. City of folding beds, kitchenettes, bathinettes, gas jets, and mansions. City of leased shelter and freeholds on jeopardy. Great city visited by intellectuals. Metaphysical, mellifluous city. . . . City of removals, of niches without statues, of songs without words, of husbands without wives, families without children. City of one-room apartments. Astonishing city of free microbes and captive elephants.

And intensive reflections on the inevitable rise of Manhattan real estate. More's the pity, for despite the ineffectuality of the novel as a whole there is something in the blank bewildered receptivity of John Breen that reminds one pleasantly of that omnivorous-minded boy of Gorki's autobiographic novels. It is to be regretted that Mr. Riesenberg, who brings to American fiction a personal background as rich in its own way as that of Gorki, should have seen fit to scrawl a map of Manhattan on such a promising slate.

ALTER BRODY

## Confusion and Suffering

*I Have This to Say.* By Violet Hunt. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

MISS HUNT seems to have been a woman of too much education, many friends, and no special place in life when she met the *English Review* and Ford Madox Ford together and found relief and passionate delight in working for both.

She describes the first meeting and tells how Mr. Ford wore a brown velvet coat that had belonged to his uncle Rossetti and was working at a Chippendale bureau on which Christina Rossetti had written her poems. It was all very literary. This is the beginning of the book, in nineteen hundred and something; and in the end Miss Hunt is still hunting *le mot juste*. Her relationship with Mr. Ford grew into what she and he thought was a marriage, but the British courts interpreted a question of international law differently, and both Miss Hunt and Mr. Ford seem to have been victims. There was an ill-natured scandal, which got so bad that Henry James felt it necessary to ask the unhappy woman not to call again at his house. This is not really important, except to consumers of literary gossip of another age. What is important is the importance which Miss Hunt still attaches to this judgment of Henry James.

She really has had four great passions in her life, for Henry James, for Joseph Conrad and Ford as writers, for Ford as a man, and for the World War for reasons she does not understand. Indeed the whole book is the story of a woman who is lost in a world she does not understand. The daughter of a novelist, the wife of a novelist, the friend of many novelists, Miss Hunt got the idea that she also is a writer. Equipped with emotion but free from insight, thought, and style, she has apparently suffered for all her adult years from a maladjustment she does not even suspect.

Miss Hunt seems to be a kindly soul who had the misfortune to think herself complex. As a consequence she adapts the style of Henry James to a rather simple mind. The result is disastrous. The book is almost unreadable. It is modernly vague about dates and places. You are supposed to know . . . you are in the literary swim . . . it would be an insult to tell you rudimentary facts. There are pages which contain as many as four quotations and there is hardly a page without quotation marks. Her gift is for feeling, not thinking. She seems to have no conception of the inner meaning of anything. Like most people who think with their feelings she is capable of shocking atrocities like her treatment of Mrs. D. H. Lawrence when Mrs. Lawrence as a German was not Britishly patriotic at the beginning of the war.

Apparently here is a woman with a gift for emotional intensity and generous affection. She is probably one of the few women in the world who need about eight children on whom to pour out a boundless love and enthusiasm. Eager to worship, to be both maternal and childishly clinging, she had to play a grown-up part in an intellectual world in which she did not belong. It is a tragic waste of a generous nature bringing love to the world and being forced to pay instead in futile intellectual effort.

HELEN WOODWARD

## Books in Brief

*American Criticism, 1926.* Edited by William A. Drake. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The essays in this volume, from the competent academic journalism of Professor Tinker to the acute but disordered diagnosis of the literary situation by Mr. Edmund Wilson, suffer from the same elusive yet quite pervasive disease. The disorder of the material at Mr. Drake's disposal was so obvious that he could not eschew the task of explaining it. This, we feel, he has not succeeded in doing, but he has written the most interesting contribution to his anthology; the most ambitious, it is necessarily one of the most deficient. "By exposing the causes," says Mr. Drake, "why so youthful and so rich a nation as America should have been so tardy in expressing itself artistically, we break the seal of our muteness." This sentimental metaphor, in various forms, constitutes the pseudo-principle of a school of critics ranging from Mr. Van Wyck Brooks down to Mr. V. F. Calverton. The product of disorder itself, the method further conduces to disorder, and it largely explains the confusion of values in this anthology. Says Mr. Drake: " . . . the instinctive selection of . . . taste is more surely to be trusted than any prescribed and anciently proven dicta"—which yields its own commentary.

*Eugenics.* By A. M. Carr-Saunders. Home University Library. Henry Holt and Company. $1.

An introductory discussion of "the part played by inheritance in human affairs"; a deliberate, and to some extent successful, attempt to treat eugenics objectively by separating the scientific problems, solvable by facts, from applications depending on opinions. Unhampered by many data, yet too critical and unimpassioned for general popularity. But the narrow nationalistic point of view flares out at the end. In a passage referring to England's opportunity to expand in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, until these countries are full of Englishmen, the cat escapes from the bag in the remark: "If this comes about, as is earnestly to be hoped, men of our race (English *race!*) as a whole will come to form a much larger proportion of the total inhabitants of the world than they do." Parenthesis ours.

*The Political Ideas of the English Romanticists.* By Crane Brinton. Oxford University Press. $5.

Mr. Brinton writes with much wit and brilliancy, but it nowhere detracts from the soundness of his scholarship. He has an irrepressible leaning to epigram, but he does not allow it to mar the seriousness of his thinking. His interest in the politics of the English romanticists is that of a student of government rather than of literature. Moreover, he is a philosophic student of government, bred on the teachings of Mr. Harold Laski. This assures a pertinent quality to his discussions. For it is not merely what Coleridge or Hazlitt thought about politics and society that Mr. Brinton considers but the significance of their thought in relation to what comes before and after. The influence of the men of letters on the general trend of English sentiment he does not emphasize, though it was obvious in the case of Byron and made itself felt more subtly in the case of Coleridge and Wordsworth; what he does

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insist on is their representative character, and in that light their importance is unmistakable. The romantic poets and prosemen reflect not only the impulse of their age toward individual freedom but equally its reaction toward order and authority. Shelley was the only pure and consistent revolutionary among them all; in the others the British sense of the practical asserted itself and produced that compromise with sentimental, middle-class morality which we know as Victorianism. Mr. Brinton traces with great acuteness the steps by which the Rousseauistic doctrine of natural goodness developed into the cult of nationalism and the doctrine of perfectibility was transformed into materialistic optimism. He makes us feel the continuity between the problems of a hundred years ago and of our own society.

*Yellowstone Kelly: The Memoirs of Luther S. Kelly.* Edited by M. M. Quaife. Yale University Press. $4.

A rambling, ramshackle autobiography, considerably revamped by the editor's caressing hand, of the last of those frontiersmen (the "author" is still alive) whose brightest lights were Boone, Carson, and Buffalo Bill. Mr. Kelly experienced nearly all those hairsbreadth adventures which were commonplaces of wilderness life; he slew the usual quota of Indians, bears, and buffaloes, and he poisoned unbelievable quantities of wolves. Briefly, he takes his place among the unnumbered thousands who were unconscious instruments in the "civilization" of the Wild West—who rescued it from the coyote and the catamount and made it safe for the railroad and the radio. His memoirs may have some slight value as a document of late pioneer days or as a gift for boys, but one finds it hard to agree with the editor's belief that the style is "in essence profoundly poetic."

# Drama

## Fireworks

AT the Neighborhood Playhouse modernism now runs riot. Upon the frequently pedestrian and generally insignificant text of a play called "Pinwheel" all the resources developed by the newest insurgency of the theater have been lavished, and they have served at least to justify the title by the production of a genuinely pyrotechnic effect. Nothing that is new or startling has been omitted. Constructivist settings, fantastic costumes, stylicized gestures, broken rhythms, and discordant melodies—all the technical devices calculated to shock and surprise—are called into play. The whole bag of tricks—expressionistic, impressionistic, constructivistic, and what not—is opened at once. The spirits of Pantomime, Ballet, Parody, Satire, and Jazz are invoked, singly or together, and all consent to lend their aid. The result is an unusually impudent and noisy carnival, something always surprising enough to keep the spectator wondering what will come next and something which is occasionally genuinely effective. One is amused, one is titillated, one is piqued, and one is occasionally thrilled. One is not always, to be sure, certain whether to be moved to compassion or merely entertained by the action set forth, whether "Pinwheel" is an American tragedy or merely an American Scheherázade; but one is never bored.

Every scene is at once familiar and strange, an everyday event which has undergone a fantastic sea change. The heroine, a conventional stenographer who "goes wrong," pounds upon a futuristic typewriter located in one of those skeleton structures of bare steel which are the Russian theatrical version of the skyscraper; in the morning she and her companions jig jazzily to work in multicolored costumes and in the evening a comic-strip sort of butter-and-egg man takes her to supper in a night club which looks about as it would be imagined by a regular reader of the *Graphic*. After murder has been done the heroine considers her press notices critically, and there is a presentation of Coney Island which suggests the enthusiastic imagination of a German who has read all the books published about America in Berlin. Distortion, always employed, does not seem to be upon any consistent principle. Sometimes reality is merely conventionalized and simplified, sometimes it is used as a theme for fantastic variations, and sometimes it is presented subjectively—that is to say, as one would imagine it seen by some particular person of oblique vision. The piece as a whole is neither tragedy, nor comedy, nor farce, nor satire, but all these mixed together; and it is given such unity as it has largely by the fact that it is always fantastic.

When the tumult and the shouting have died, when the last strange lighting has faded and the last odd sound echoed away, one is left with somewhat mixed conclusions. First of all one is impressed anew by the virtuosity of the Neighborhood company which undertakes and which masters all styles—for it Seneca it not too heavy or Plautus too light. With the possible exception of the Theater Guild's "Processional" no piece in a similar genre has been done so well in New York. The manipulation of the puppet-actors and of the more or less mechanical devices is amazingly expert, and the designed effects come off with a sureness and a regularity by no means usual with such experiments. There are no sudden and painful lapses from the style like those observed in some recent productions where the resources of the director seemed suddenly to give out; chaos is controlled and directed as in art even chaos must be. And yet, in the second place, one is not wholly satisfied, one does not feel that the elaborateness of the means is wholly justified by the result. Expressionism—or whatever one may choose to call the style of drama here under discussion—has one thing in common with classicism, it tends to represent life under its general rather than its individual characteristics, and, like classicism, it is continually in danger of having at its center mere commonplace. The plot and theme of "Pinwheel" are excessively ordinary; and for all the novelty of the saying the thing said is banal. Here is a technique of expression more striking than any of the things which it has to express. One gets the impression of devices waiting to be employed upon adequate material, and in this respect this particular wing of the insurgent theater reminds one of all that has been said so many times of the movies. If expressionism is indeed like the cinema in this respect one may be at least permitted to hope that it will not, like the cinema also, continue merely to promise until all are weary with waiting.

The indefatigable Martin Brown has had two plays produced during the past week, both of which have the mark of his heavy hand. The first is a drama, "The Dark" (Lyceum Theater), which is based upon a violent and not particularly convincing situation but which nevertheless manages to keep one wondering how it will turn out. The second, "The Strawberry Blonde" (Bijou Theater), is a comedy of apartment-house life which is about as delicate and as subtle as a truckload of bricks but which is nevertheless funny. At the Mansfield Mrs. Pat Campbell, with little of her charm left, is appearing in an anemic comedy called "The Adventurous Age" which suggests nothing so much as a commencement-day effort. "Fog" (National Theater) is a conventional comedy mystery play full of the usual spooky hocus-pocus. "Trapped" (Garrick Theater) is a rather maladroit war tragedy of the ambitious young artist who is trapped by matrimony. Mr. Ziegfeld has opened his gorgeous new Ziegfeld Theater, designed especially to house musical shows, with "Rio Rita." It is not either funnier or more tuneful than others of its class, but it stuns the eye. The sixteen stars, including John Drew, Pauline Lord, Estelle Winwood, Rollo Peters, and Mrs. Whiffen, who nightly appear in "Trelawny of the Wells" at the New Amsterdam Theater cannot make a good play out of Pinero's cup of old custard; but their performance, wherein no one stars because all of them do, is a perfect delight.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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# "I have not the slightest desire to go to heaven!"

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Has R. F. Foster indeed wrested from the universe its Great Secret? Has he found the Truth for which mankind has sought through all the ages of time? How does he answer such tremendous questions as *Where did we come from? What are we here for? Whither are we going?*

### Some of the Chapter Titles

The Four Infinities
Space and Time
The Creation
Mind and Matter
Mind Without Matter
Other Worlds
Ideas of God
Immortality of the Soul
Heaven and Hell
Physical Evolution
The Universal Mind
What Are We Here For
Birth Control
Vice and Crime
War and Peace
Marriage and Children
The Individual and The Race
The Future

## It Took Forty Years to Write This Book

R. F. Foster is not a theologian. He is the internationally known authority on bridge and other games, on which he has written no fewer than seventy-eight books which are accepted as standard works in their field.

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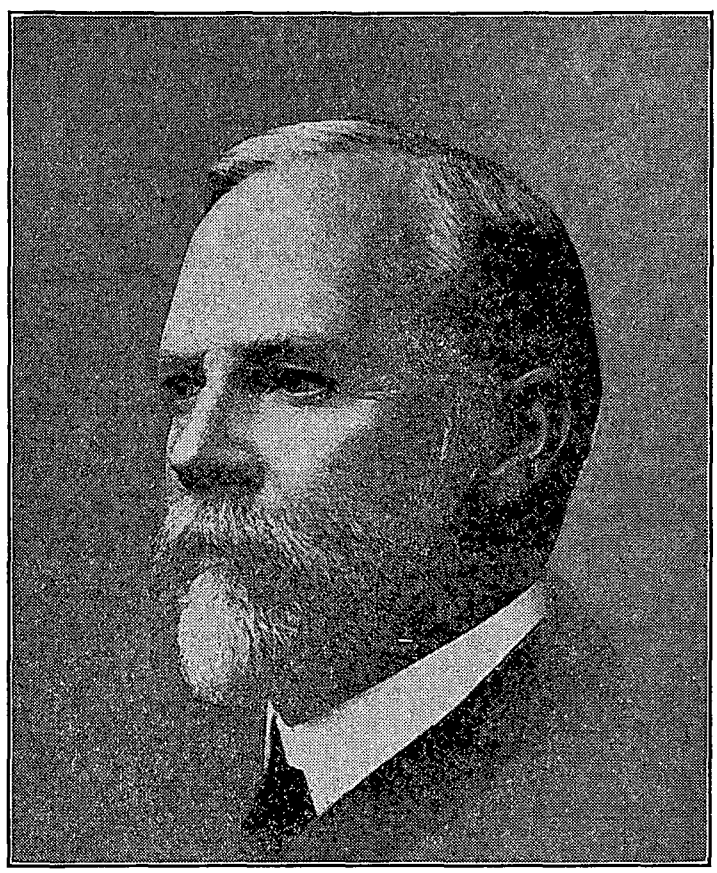
Forty years ago Mr. Foster began to write down the conclusions to which he had inevitably been drawn. But because his ideas were too startling, too revolutionary, he withheld them from publication up to the present. "The Coming Faith" is brutal in its frankness, it calls a spade a spade, but it is absolutely honest. Its devastating expose of orthodox religion is founded not on prejudice but on relentless logic.



*R. F. Foster, whose astounding book, "The Coming Faith" has created a world-wide sensation*

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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# International Relations Section

## The Russian Censor Relents

By J. C.

AT the recent Thirteenth All-Russian Congress of the Russian Communist Party a significant resolution was passed concerning the so-called "literary front." The party has decided to relieve the pressure on this front and to grant a limited freedom to those writers not included in the circle of the *napostovtzi* (men at the post) patronized by the authorities. Hitherto, besides the severe official censorship, there has been another even more formidable censorship exercised by "voluntary" guardians of proletarian ideas. The role of these guardians is well known to all readers of periodicals published in Russia. Now the party is forced to control its ardent but for the most part ungifted champions by a series of timid censures.

The journal *Zhurnalist* presents some of the more important points of the resolution, together with some comments from the *poputchiks*—which means, "fellow-travelers up to a certain point" and consists of writers who do not openly oppose the Soviet Government and who, in Prince Mirsky's phrase, "pay at least lip-service to the wisdom of Marx and the greatness of Lenin." The question of how to treat these *poputchiks* has long divided the Communist Party; its "liberal" wing, headed by Trotzky and the critic Voronsky, has been in favor of encouraging them as long as they were not openly harmful to the Communist education of the people. On the other hand, the left wing, consisting chiefly of talentless young writers, for the most part members of the MAPP—Moscow Association of Proletarian Poets—maintained that only those writers who are directly useful for Communist education should be admitted to state periodicals. The question had previously come up before the Central Committee in 1924, and a resolution adopted in favor of Voronsky's policy, which enabled the state press to use in its columns the work of the *poputchiks*, who made a tolerable living by their writings.

Some of the more important points of the resolution just passed are given here:

> 9. The correlation between the different classifications of writers according to their social or class position is defined by our common policy. It is, however, necessary to remember that the direction of all literature, with all its material and ideological resources, belongs to the working-class. The hegemony of proletarian writers does not yet exist, and the party should help these writers to earn the historical right for such a hegemony. Peasant writers should meet with a friendly welcome and have the benefit of our unconditional support. The problem consists in the constant need of switching their increasing numbers on to rails of proletarian ideology, by no means, however, depriving them of their important peasant literary-artistic images.
>
> 10. With regard to the *poputchiks*, it is necessary to have in view: (a) their differentiation; (b) the significance of many of them as qualified "specialists" in literary technique; (c) the effectiveness of fluctuations among this class of writers. The general policy here should be one of tactful and cautious relations with them, i. e., an approach which will establish the most promising conditions for their rapid acceptance of the Communist ideology. . . .
>
> 11. With regard to the proletarian writers, the party should take up this position: it should in every way help their growth and support them and their organizations, but at the same time it should exert all its power to prevent that presumption in their midst which may have most fatal consequences. Precisely because it sees in them the future intellectual guides of Soviet literature, the party should make every effort to prevent a frivolous and contemptuous attitude toward the old cultural heritage and toward literary specialists. . . . The party should also oppose every attempt to establish a purely hot-house "proletarian" literature. A comprehensive grasp of phenomena in all their complexity—not the frame of the factory alone; a literature not of a trade organization but of a great struggling class with a following of millions of peasants—such should be the bonds holding proletarian literature together.
>
> 12. The above in general defines the problem of criticism, which thus appears to be one of the most important educational weapons in the hands of the party. . . . Communist criticism should expel from its household the tone of literary command. Only when it depends on the superiority of its ideas will this criticism have a deep educational significance. Marxist criticism should determinedly drive out of its midst every pretentious, half-literate, and self-satisfied assumption. . . .
>
> 13. . . . The party cannot bind itself to any particular tendency in the sphere of literary form. In its guidance of literature as a whole, the party can as little support any particular faction in literature (classifying these factions according to distinction in form and style) as it can by resolutions solve questions of the forms of family relations, although, in general, it should undoubtedly guide the construction of the new domestic order. . . .
>
> 14. Therefore the party should express itself as in favor of free competition between the various groups and currents in literature. Any other solution of the question would be an official bureaucratic pseudo-decision. While supporting materially and morally the proletarian and the proletarian-peasant literature, and supporting also the *poputchiks*, the party cannot present a monopoly to any particular group, not even to the proletarian: this would mean, before all, disaster to proletarian literature.
>
> 15. The party should use every means to root out attempts at self-appointed and incompetent administrative meddling in literary affairs; the party should make a careful selection of persons in those departments which deal with publication, in order to secure a really proper, useful, and tactful guidance of our literature.
>
> 16. The party should point out to all workers in creative literature the necessity for a fixing of limits to the functions of critics and creative writers. For the latter it is essential to concentrate their efforts on creative literary production, using for this purpose the gigantic material of contemporary life. . . .
>
> The party should emphasize the necessity of producing a creative literature intended for the proletarian reader, the workman and the peasant; it is necessary boldly and decisively to break with the preconceptions of the gentry in literature and, making use of all the technical achievements of the classics, to work out a corresponding form, understood by the millions.
>
> Only then, when this great problem is solved, will Soviet literature and its proletarian advance guard be able to carry out their cultural-historical mission.

The responses of the writers themselves to this unusual resolution are more interesting than any external comment could be.

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Andrey Bely, a writer whose considerable fame dates om before the war and who, in a "mystic" sense, threw i his lot with the Bolsheviks at the time of their coming o power, thinks the new policy of the Communist Party ith regard to literature is "flexible and humane" and that s conditions in practice should provide for "a normal rowth and healthy development of creative literature." He dds, however, that in passing to the details of the program e sees many obscurities. He objects to the limitation of ussian literary groups to three, "workmen, peasants, and *oputchiks*," which list by no means exhausts the existing roups. He protests against being called a *poputchik;* he oes not see why he should be called a "fellow-traveler," aving accepted the revolution at its inception. At the ame time, he argues, "I am not a party man, and neither a roletarian nor a peasant writer."

A. Veresaev, whose "Memoirs of a Physician" is nown to the English-speaking public, makes a reply so ich in irony that it is worth quoting almost in its entirety. Ie says:

> The debates which so strongly agitated well-defined literary circles during the past two years have seethed around the questions: Can a small group of talentless writers pretend to dictatorial plenipotentiary powers in the sphere of Russian literature? Is it right that we, so-called *poputchiks*, should be chastised? Should literary criticism be simply criticism or stern supervision in the nature of an official regulation? The Central Committee has replied: No dictatorship; no chastisement; criticism should be criticism. That's very comforting! But if the whole business limits itself to this, if the resolution has no practical consequences, then the disease which has eaten into contemporary Russian creative literature will remain not only uncured but unmitigated.
>
> This basic disease consists in the absence in the contemporary writer of artistic honesty. This disease is caused by absolutely impossible demands presented to the writer in official forms, on obedience to which depends the publication of his work. The censor says to the novelist: "Make this unsympathetic Communist a man without a party; into the soul of this partyless heroine bring a little more confusion; make this sympathetic Communist a little more clever—then I will pass your novel!" . . . A poet brings to the editor something sincere, something profoundly original, his own poem. "It is necessary, comrade, to write on actual themes. Consider, for example, the heroic struggle of the Chinese proletariat—what a splendid theme!"
>
> The common groan along the whole front of contemporary Russian literature is: "We cannot be ourselves, our artistic conscience is forced, our creativeness more and more is becoming two-faced; we write one thing for ourselves, another thing for publication."
>
> In this consists the greatest injury to literature, and it might well become irremediable. Such a systematic violation of the creative conscience can have the most dire consequences, both for the writer and literature.
>
> What is to be said about artists who are ideologically alien to the party in power? Notwithstanding this alien quality, is it normal that they should be silent? And silent are such writers as Feodor Sologub, Maximilian Voloshin, Anna Akhmatova. It is painful to admit, but if at this moment Dostoevski appeared, a writer so alien to contemporary tendencies and at the same time so necessary because of his consuming fire, he would be forced to put away in his writing table one manuscript after another, each bearing the stamp of the literary censor.
>
> Let us hope that the fifteenth paragraph will be wisely and decisively carried into effect and that if "guidance"

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*Editorial in The New Republic, February 2, 1927*

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is really necessary to our literature, it will, at least, become "proper, useful, and tactful."

A gifted young writer, Andrey Sobol, is of the opinion that "guardianship and artistic creation are incompatible." Tutors, he asserts, "are necessary for children, but tutors for writers are worse than sad." The self-appointed "tutors of literature" demanded that literature should be didactic, tendentious. "They were incapable of understanding that such a literature could not live, that its age is not beyond a single political day. Authentic literature does not live in the present day alone, according to today's school program, but catches and reflects the changes of days; it is not made common by a narrow tendency of a given minute, but by some universal idea, some universal movement. . . ." The resolution of the Central Committee, he avers, relieves the situation, but has still some serious defects, for while it censures the "tutors," it still regards certain writers as somewhat defective children. He concludes: "It seems to me that the writers of Soviet Russia have long since grown out of their swaddling clothes—they have shown it by the fact that in spite of many years of suffering and chaos they have preserved literature, and have even raised it to great heights. . . ."

Like other authors, Ivan Novikov approves of the resolution and the relief it should afford to true authorship. He argues that creative writing can only be a force if it comes from within and breathes with that fulness of life which is born of natural organic processes and not of any preconceived and reasoned theory, tendentious and didactic in its nature. "Every real artist," he declares,

> knows how exacting and self-willed his heroes can be at times if they are born truly alive, how they can protest against any untoward contact and any effort to give them exact measurements, how they begin to talk and act—to the simultaneous sorrow and joy of the author—in opposition to a planned scheme; quite as in life, which is in itself wiser than the wise. That being the case, even an author, giving ear to the artist in himself, would hesitate to assume the role of "guide." . . . The business of the author is to be creatively true and just to himself to the end; this is the only path for the creation of priceless things. . . . "

What would really happen if the horde of artists were let loose in full freedom to do as they liked? Novikov asks this question and answers it: "There is a sage answer to this in the resolution: there is the function of criticism, 'if it depends on superiority of ideas,' and by this means exercises 'a deep educational significance.' "

Victor Shklovsky, one of the most brilliant of young authors, whose "Sentimental Journey" has won plaudits abroad as well as at home, says that the years 1924 and 1925 were marked by a lowering of qualifications in Russian literature. Both critical and creative writing took a turn for the worse. This was chiefly to be explained by literary politics. The quarrel created two groups, the *napostovtzi* and the *poputchiks*, and upset the boundaries of various literary groups. Literary judgment vanished in the process. Literature grew like a weed, and quick results were anticipated. No longer, says Shklovsky, will one write about the *poputchiks* as about the sick. "For us formalists," he concludes, "the resolution gives us a chance to work and to experiment. . . . For me personally it means the freedom to work as a specialist."

A particularly lengthy response has come from B. Pasternak, who is acclaimed the most brilliant of the younger poets. Pasternak is frankly pessimistic. He note the lack of enthusiasm in the resolution, its utter futilit as a measure for creating real literature. He says in part

> It is not a cultural revolution which we are living through but a cultural reaction. The forces of the proletarian dictatorship are insufficient to be realized in culture. . . . In bourgeois forms we have allowed the most mediocre talents, just as in revolutionary. It cannot be otherwise, such is the logic of big numbers. . . . All my thoughts become secondary before the one thought of primal importance: Am I to be admitted or not? Am I sufficiently worthless to try to write and rejoice in the composition of the golden mean? The control of authorship has recently belonged to the censor. Now he has divided this control with the contemporary publisher. The philosophy of drawing lots cooperates with the philosophy of sufferance. They have seized the whole horizon. There is nothing for me to do. The style of the epoch has already been created! That is my answer.

Count A. Tolstoi, some of whose work is known to the English-reading public, is more optimistic as to the ultimate outcome. He begins by admitting the downfall of the bourgeois civilization and the need of creating a literature corresponding to the requirements of the new proletarian order. He confesses that eight years of the Bolshevik regime have not yet produced the thing called "proletarian art." He tells of the difficulties. "Artists have been accused of having secret leanings toward the bourgeoisie and of refusing to understand that the revolution is an incontrovertible fact." The process of arriving at an art for the masses, he declares, is bound to be long and complex. "On us, Russian writers, falls a peculiar responsibility. We are the first. Like Columbuses on frail sailing-ships we traverse the unknown seas toward a new land. After us will follow great ocean liners. Great artists will come from the proletariat. But the paths will be laid down by us."

It was of this Count Tolstoi that Prince Mirsky wrote in his "Contemporary Russian Literature": "The most salient feature in the personality of A. N. Tolstoi is a very curious combination of great natural gifts and a complete absence of brains." Which makes one rather suspicious of his prophecy.

## Contributors to This Issue

MARY AUSTIN has contributed to American poetry not only a number of poems but a volume of criticism and prophecy called "The American Rhythm."

COMMANDER J. M. KENWORTHY, recently reelected to Parliament as Labor member for Hull, was from 1902 to 1920 in the British navy.

HARBOR ALLEN is publicity director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

R. R. KUCZYNSKI, statistician and economist of long experience in Germany, is now attached to the Institute of Economics in Washington.

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK visited China in 1925 by invitation of the Chinese Association for Advancement of Education, to inspect Chinese libraries.

R. L. SCHUYLER is professor of history at Columbia University.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is a frequent reviewer of novels for *The Nation*.

ALTER BRODY is preparing a volume of one-act plays for publication.

HELEN WOODWARD is author of "Through Many Windows."

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